Vol. CXXXVIII. No. 1792.

Fit TripleX -and be safe LEA-FRANCIS do

[THE BYSTANDER APRIL 20, 1938.

The BYSTANDER

"Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes

Stage : Films : Ballet : Sport : Society

1/-

NOW DEAF EARS CAN HEAR AGAIN

Simply and Inconspicuously as Nature intended!

The latest discovery by the "Ardente" Scientists gives True-to-Tone Hearing to sufferers from the iso ating handicap of deafness, even the so-called 'STONE' DEAF.

Whether young, middle-aged or old, rich or poor, using an aid or not—you must try this new "Ardente" way to Better Hearing

NOTHING IN or ON the EARS.

A wonderful boon for Church, Radio, Talkies, Business, Sports Shopping (street safety) and the whole world of sound.

CALL FOR FREE TEST, or write for details. Medical Reports and a FREE TEST in your own HOME.

R. H. DENT, M. Inst. P. I., 309, Oxford St., LONDON, W.1

(Opposite JOHN LEWIS'). Mayfair 1880/1718/0947.

Permanent Ardente Ltd. Service Bureaux at

Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Exeter, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Leicester, Leeds, Liverpool, London, Manchester, Newcastle, Southampton.

Open Easter to November

GLENEAGLES Hotel

★ *Under the direction of* ARTHUR TOWLE *Controller* L.M.S. Hotel Services St. Pancras Chambers London, N.W.1.

Restaurant & Sleeping Car Expresses from London.

PERTHSHIRE SCOTLAND

BOLLINGER CHAMPAGNE

Special Cuvée

By Appointment to KING GEORGE V.

Hedges & Butler's

Established A.D. 1667

Price List of Wines, Spirits and Cigars, on application to:

153 REGENT ST. LONDON, W.1.

Tel.: REGent 4444

Brighton, Bournemouth and Branches

Choice Wines

Ask for BOLSKUMMEL VERY DRY

The original and finer double-distilled Dutch Kummel

Grant's Scotch Whisky

"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

Increasing in Popularity—

"Presta"

AERATED WATERS

TRADE MARK

satisfy the most discriminating palate

Sold by The APOLLINARIS Co., Ltd., London, W.1

PRICE ONE SHILLING : By Inland Post 1s. 1½d. OFFICES—LONDON : 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4. PARIS : 65-67, Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris viii. Regd. at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) (Temple Bar 3161.) 2.30 & 8.15 Daily.

ST. MORITZ

A NOVEL REAL ICE MUSICAL SPECTACLE

Prices 10/6, 8/6, 6/-, 5/-, 4/-, 3/-, 2/- (including Tax).

BRITISH HOTELS

WE THINK WE KNOW WHERE YOU'D LIKE TO GO

It's probably a place where the sun shines daily. Perhaps you would like a famous chef to prepare special menus. For exercise you would like tennis and golf to be conveniently available and medical baths for health. You would like a 120 ft. sun lounge, the choice of 100 centrally-heated rooms with hot and cold water, garage, lift, full licence. And you would not want it to be too expensive—say, terms from 4½ Gns. per week. If we have guessed correctly then the Royal Victoria Hotel is the place for you. Write for tariff to-day.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA Facing Sea *'Phone: Hastings 869*

QUEENS HOTEL

Leading Hotel in the West Country

Centre of Cotswolds.

CHELTENHAM

Telephone: Cheltenham 3013

THE HONYWOOD HOTELS

THE DOUNE OF ROTHIEMURCHUS AVIEMORE INVERNESS-SHIRE

This Mansion House is beautifully situated on the bank of the River Spey amidst the finest scenery in Scotland, and is ideal for those who wish to spend a restful holiday in a Highland Country House. Home Farm Produce. Free Fishing. Moderate Terms. Electric Light.

Brochure and particulars from Manageress. *Telephone: Aviemore 231*

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

ASCOT

When in Paris, you need not be homesick

Just drop in at the ASCOT, 66, Rue Pierre Charron, Champs-Elysées, for tea, light lunches, cocktail-bar, etc. . . . Open until 2 a.m.

AUSTRIA

Semmering.—3,000 ft. a.s.l.—1½ hrs. fr. Vienna **Suedbahn Hotel.** The Golfer's Home.—Open-air swimming pool.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad.—C.S.R. Hotl. Königsvilla.—The best place for Rheumatic-heart complaints & Women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel Jubile, 125 Av. Ch. Elysées. 100 rooms with private bath. Close to the Arc de Triomphe. From 10/-. Priv. Suites.

Antibes. — Hotel du Cap D'Antibes. — Pavillon Eden Roc. Unique situation between Cannes & Nice.

Beaulieu s/Mer.—The Empress.—Sunniest Hotel. 1st.-cl. Very comf. Cent. Gard. Rooms with bath. Suites. New Mgmt. From 3½ gns.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus service with Monte Carlo & Menton. Tennis, Swim. Inc. fr. Frs. 110, with bath fr. Frs. 135

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every poss. comf. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

FRANCE.—*Continued*

Monte Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 rooms, 280 baths. Entirely renovated 1934. Open all year.

Monte Carlo.—The Monte Carlo Palace.—First-class, up-to-date. Facing Casino, sea view, open all year. Moderate terms.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace.—1st. cl. Sea front. Fac. Casino gdns. Weekly terms incl. tips and tax fr. £3.10. With priv. bath £5

Trebeurden.—Armoric Hotel.—French TORQUAY, 1st.-cl. 25/- weekly full board. Partics. Hardie, 102 Victoria Avenue, Margate.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—"Bellevue."—The well-known first-class Family Hotel in five acres own park. Most reasonable rates. Prospectus.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—Brenner's Stephanie.—The leading Hotel.

Baden-Baden.—Bühlerhöhe.—800 mt. (2,600 ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets, Rest-cures. Pension from R.M. 11 upwards.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful position opp. Casino. Modernly renov. 260 beds. Rms. fr. R.M.5. Pens. fr. R.M.11.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renov., facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*Continued*

GERMANY—*Continued*

Bad Kissingen.—Staatl.—Kurhaushotel.—World-renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Kissingen.—Hotel Reichshof.—Distinguished family hotel. Garage. Opposite Park.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Large garden, fcg. baths and Kurpark. 150 rms., 50 baths. Pension fr. R.M.11.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Gdn. Pk., Terraces. Reduced rates. Gar.—Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider

Frankfort-on-Main.—Hotel Excelsior.—Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds. From R.M.4.

Frankfort-on-Main.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Leading, but not expensive. Grill-room. Bar.

Frankfort (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.—nr. Cen. stn. Famous for its hors-d'œuvres. Rms. fr. M5. Garage & pumps on premises

Garmisch.—Bavarian Alps.—**Sonnenbichl.—Golf Hotel.**—Incomparably beautiful sit. 1st. class hotel. Every comf. at Mod. Terms.

Hundseck, nr. Baden-Baden.—Kurhaus and Rest. Hundseck (2,952 ft.)—Sit. on Black Ft. 160 beds. Mod. comf. Pen. fr. R.M.7 to R.M.9

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Munich—Hotel Grünwald.—Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort. Bierstube.

Triberg.—Parkhotel Wehrle.—THE Black Forest home for English people. First class. Full illustrated prospectus on demand.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. fam. hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf, tennis. Garage. Pen. from Mks. 9

GERMANY—*Continued*

Wiesbaden.—Htl. Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. op. Pk. and Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. Mks. 12

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath. Estab. Pens. fr. R.M.10

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World renowned Htl., own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Soc. Pen. fr. Mks. 12

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four Seasons). Select home of Society. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pen. from R.M.12

SWITZERLAND.

Glion (2200 ft. ab. sea level)—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead. Hotel, view of Lake Geneva. Ten., Gar. 15 min. fr. Montreux.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.

Lausanne—Royal Hotel.—Superior First class Hotel. Ideal position in large park. Every convenience. Inclusive terms fr. 15/-.

Lucerne.—Hotel Beau-Rivage.—Facing lake. Next door to Casino. First-class Excellent food. Pension from S. Frs. 14

Lugano.—(Southern Switzerland).—Grand Htl. Palace.—Univ. sit. on lake. Quiet, yet cent. Open-air Rest. L'ge pk. Own Ten. c'rt.

Lugano.—(Southern Switzerland).—Lloyd Htl.—Dir on the Lake. All comfs. 100 Beds. Open-Air Ter. Rest'nt. Pens. fr. Frs. 11.50.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Majestic Hotel.—Strictly first class. Best view, full south. Own priv. swim. pool. Open-air rest.

Montreux.—The Excelsior—has the best sit. on lake. 1st. cl. 110 rms. all sth. Recom'd for a stay all the year. Personal attention.

When you go to

PARIS

or

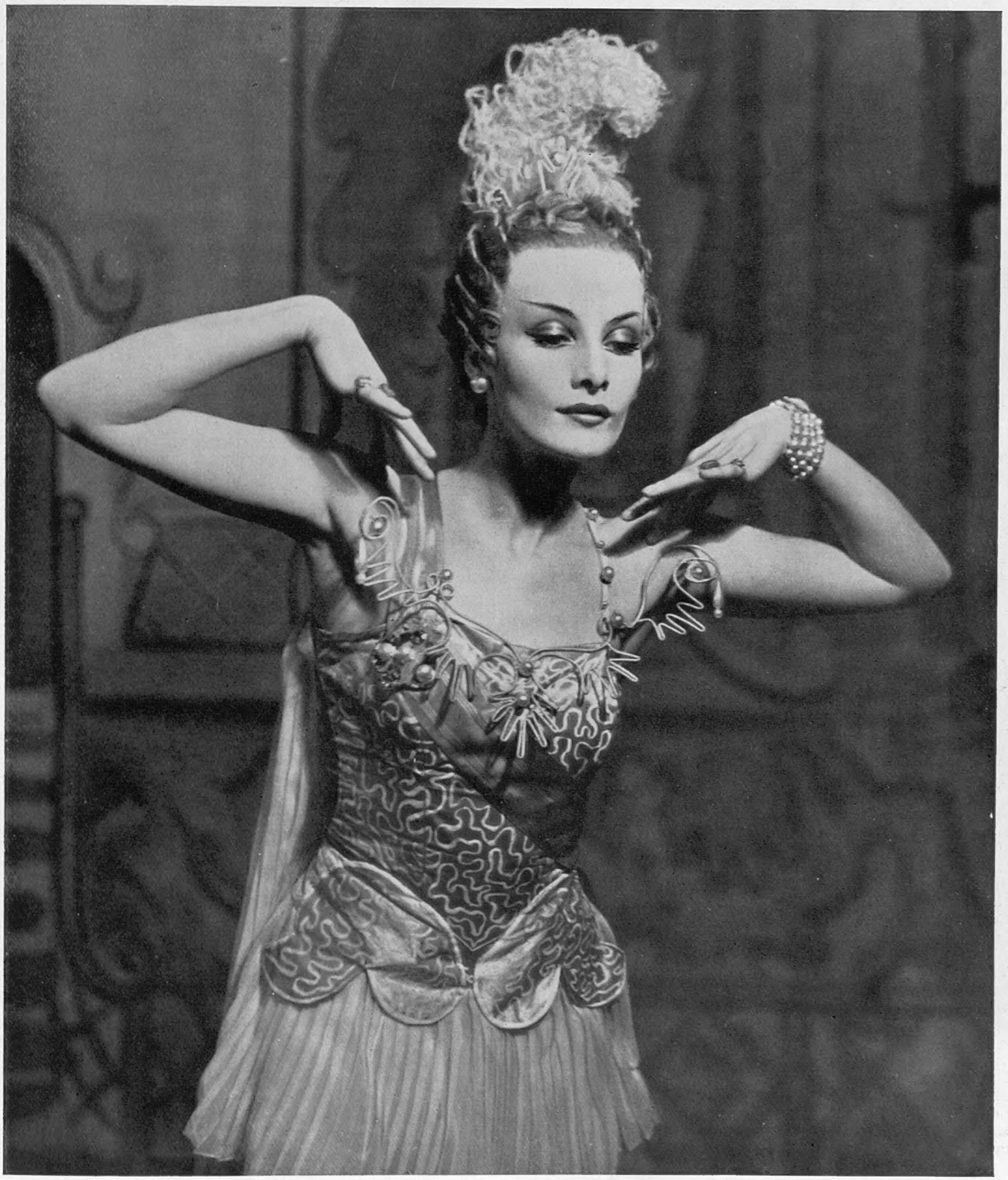
BERLIN

You are invited to make use of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS reading rooms where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the dispatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

All Continental Business Enquiries for France Channel Islands, Monaco, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and the Balkan States should be addressed to Paris Office. Enquiries for Germany, The Baltic States, Russia and Poland should be addressed to Berlin Office.

PARIS: 65-67 Avenue des Champs Elysées. **Berlin:** 32 Kurfürstendamm

The Bystander



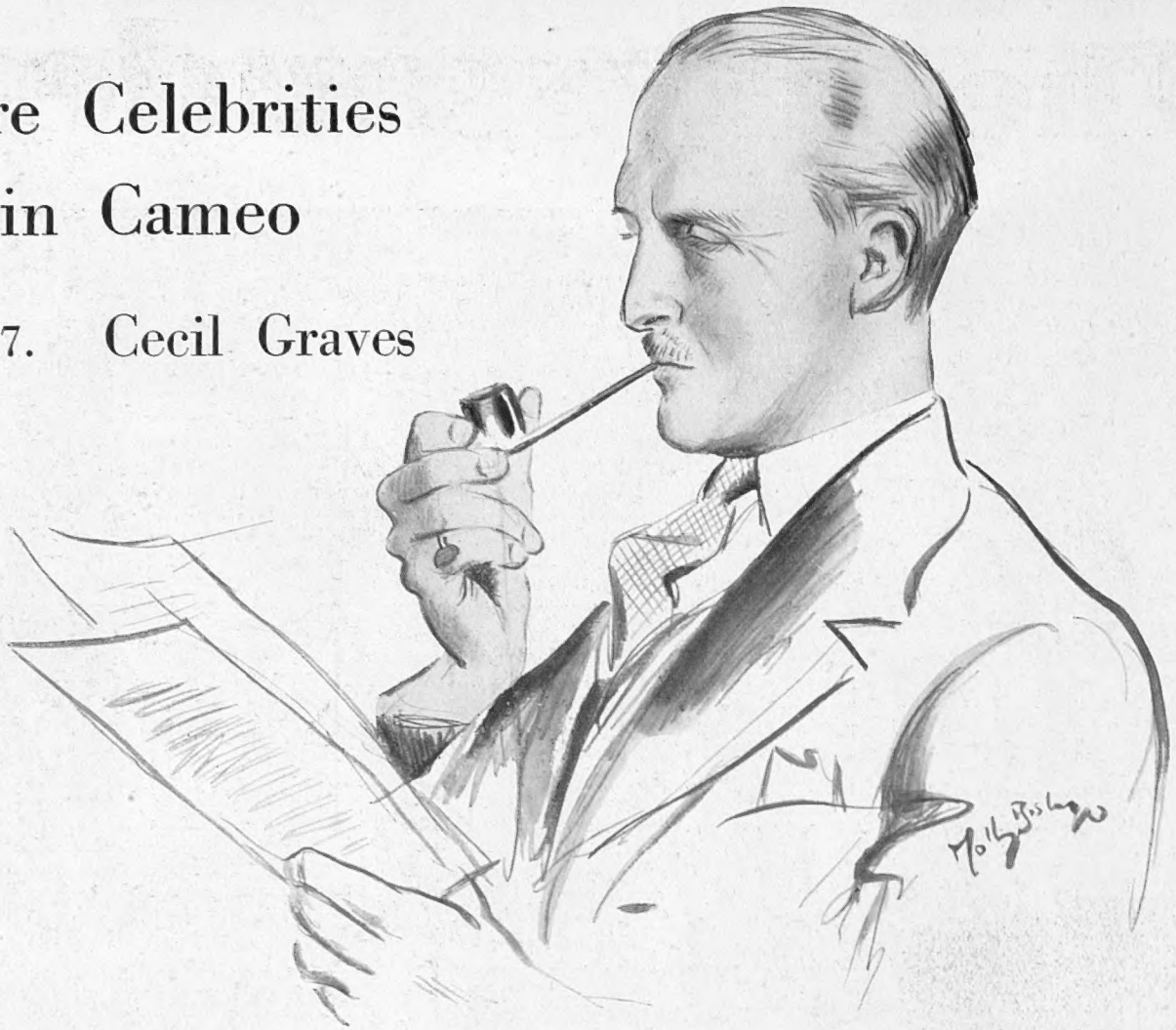
Anthony

Pearl Argyle in "Le Roi Nu"

Le Roi Nu is the new ballet by Ninette de Valois at Sadler's Wells, presented for the first time two weeks ago. No part could suit Pearl Argyle better than that of the Empress of this Hans Andersen fairy-tale, a proud, exquisite, disdainful creature whose husband's eccentricities are scarcely worthy of her smiling attention. Pearl Argyle dances beautifully, her movements having the kind of delicate pointed grace that might belong to a gazelle brought up at Court. And she looks even lovelier than usual. There are more pictures of this ballet on pp. 90 and 91

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 67. Cecil Graves



CECIL GRAVES, the new Deputy Director-General of the B.B.C., is a first cousin of mine; but don't let that deter you. His mother was a sister of Lord Grey of Fallodon; his father, Charles L. Graves, was a brilliant member of the staffs of *Punch* and the *Spectator* for many years.

As his parents lived in Norfolk, he was sent to Gresham's School, Holt, and he and another boy, W. G. Holmes, were the first to pass into Sandhurst from this school. Holmes, when promoted in July, 1937, was the youngest Major-General in the Army. From Sandhurst, Cecil Graves went to the Royal Scots in September, 1911, and crossed the Channel on August 12th, 1914, with the Third Division. After fighting at Mons he and the remains of his company were left behind at Le Cateau on August 26th, together with the remnants of a battalion of Gordon Highlanders, the officer commanding this mixed force being Colonel Gordon, V.C. At 3 a.m. on the morning of August 27th, this little force was taken prisoner. Nine months later, owing to the threatened reprisals on the captured crews of U-boats, thirty-nine officers, including Cecil Graves, were given solitary confinement. He, for example, was put for nine weeks in a civil prison in Magdeburg, with, at the start, one hour's exercise per day, though he was fed moderately well.

FROM then on until the beginning of 1918, he was transferred from prison camp to prison camp (nine in all). For three years he was with Russian officers, who had also been taken prisoner. At last, however, he was sent to The Hague, with a five-mile radius of freedom. During this period he became the fast bowler of the British cricket team which captured the Dutch Championship. He was still in Holland at Christmas, staying behind to repatriate prisoners of war.

IN the meantime, he had been promoted to Captain, and on his return took advantage of the Russian he had learnt as a prisoner of war to enter the Russian section of the Intelligence Department at the War Office. Here he stayed four years until being seconded to the Foreign Office. It was only then that he sent in his papers. Following which he spent a year in the City with a firm of iron and steel merchants. Not until 1926 did he write a letter to Sir John Reith, who left Gresham School, Holt, the term before he had arrived there, and ask for a job. He got it—as a junior Assistant to the Director of Programmes. Provincial outside broadcasts were his immediate duties.

A year later he became programme executive co-ordinating the administrative side of the programmes. After two years of this he became Assistant Director of Programmes.

HIS next promotion was when he was put in charge of the newly-formed Empire Broadcasting Service, which he supervised for three years, finally becoming Controller of Programmes in 1935. His latest appointment—Deputy Director General (in the place of Admiral Sir Charles Carpendale)—makes him second only to Sir John Reith.

Cecil Graves has a flat off Bryanston Square and his late uncle's property in Northumberland, where he spends two week-ends a month, travelling by the night express both ways.

His hobbies include anything to do with games, particularly cricket. He still plays squash and could be good at golf (he once had a handicap of eight). If it comes to that, he once played in the International Hockey Trials. He also played Rugger occasionally with the London Scottish. Salmon and trout fishing now appeal to him more. What's more, he is a fair shot, though his two sons are much better.

His duties really involve him all round the clock. He reaches the B.B.C. at 9.20 a.m., and even if he leaves at 7 p.m. he often returns to the office later on. In any event, in the evenings he will listen to the radio and see the television programmes. Occasionally, when he is in London for a week-end, he goes to the Zoo or Kew.

AS for food, he is a simple feeder, preferring roast beef and a suet pudding to any "done-up" dishes. Meantime it is extraordinary to realise that since he joined the B.B.C. in 1926, the listeners have increased from roughly two million to 8¼ million, and that there are now 3500 employees in all.

Tall, pipe-smoking, carefully dressed, Cecil Graves combines polish with an increasingly human outlook—exactly what the sponsor of the world's greatest quantity of King's English requires.

Charles Graves

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Mr. Kennedy Smiles — But the Debutantes Sigh

The Kennedy smile and the Kennedy family run a close race for top news value when the American Ambassador subject comes along. But hottest "Kennedy news" of all just before Easter was the doom pronounced by the Ambassador on all the American debutantes who want to come over here specially to curtsy to the King and Queen. Visions of Buckingham Palace faded sadly from dozens of young imaginations when Mr. Kennedy wrote that stern letter to Senator Cabot Lodge. And just at that very moment he and Mrs. Kennedy went down to Windsor Castle to stay with the King and Queen for the week-end. For the debutantes that news must have been very poignant

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

"CONSEQUENCES arising out of the existing situation in Ethiopia" is an item which will appear on the Agenda of the Council of the League at its next meeting. This is the formal way in which the British Government is going to suggest to the other Member States of the League that the Italian conquest of Abyssinia should be recognised, and that the existence of the new Italian Empire should be admitted publicly. There is always the possibility that the Soviet and the Chinese Governments might oppose the recognition, in which case presumably the matter would be held over until the assembly in September. In any case the British gesture will give pleasure in Rome, and will help Mr. Chamberlain in his Mediterranean policy. It will also help Signor Mussolini in his Mediterranean policy.

ANOTHER French Government has been formed, but I would not be in the least surprised if it falls before I have finished writing this paragraph. As for getting a paragraph through the Press between the times of the formation and fall of a French Government, that hopeless ambition has long been given up by thoughtful journalists.

THE most remarkable feature of M. Daladier's Cabinet is (or perhaps was) the appointment of M. Bonnet to the Foreign Office instead of M. Paul-Boncour. The latter, whose fine face and mop of white hair were so familiar in the old days at Geneva, was strongly tipped for the job, and it was well known that he wanted it. The parties of the Right, however, disliked his sympathetic attitude to the Spanish Government, and succeeded in keeping him out.

GENERAL FRANCO is advancing towards Andorra and, if he occupies that ancient Republic, international complications might well ensue. Andorra is nominally under the suzerainty of two princes, one of whom is the Spanish Bishop of Urgel, and the other is the President of the French Republic. The Andorrans may yet live to regret the day when they allowed their country to be opened up by the construction of a road.

WALL STREET reacted in its characteristic style to President Roosevelt's defeat by Congress. Almost everyone in the United States, and certainly everyone of any sense at all, agrees that the President's bill for the reorganisation of the machinery of Government is admirable. But when Congress rejected it by eight votes, simply in order to annoy Mr. Roosevelt, the stock markets took a big jump upwards. The President may or may not be going the right way about dealing with the Depression, but whichever way he goes he is not going to get any help from Big Business.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S next battle will be over Federal expenditure on relief schemes. He is proposing to spend the colossal sum of eight hundred million pounds on relief and on public works in the next year. Even his opponents admit that something will have to be done, but they are a bit staggered at the magnitude of the sum.

Spring in the Boroughs

The West Fulham by-election was described (before polling) by the "Daily Telegraph and Morning Post" as the first test of public opinion since Mr. Eden's resignation. The Socialist candidate, Dr. Edith Summerskill (seen here with her two children), beat her Conservative opponent by 1421 votes. The "Evening Standard" thereupon explained that the election had little significance

Spring on the Golf-Course

The Duke of Kent, as proper to an ex-captain of the Royal and Ancient, spent some of the pre-Easter heat-wave in limbering-up his golf muscles. He was training at Coombe Hill under Archie Compston when this picture was taken

THE American Ambassador is certainly prominent in the news. The faces of his nine—or is it nineteen?—children were pretty familiar to the public of this country before he ever arrived; then the Ambassador played a hole at Stoke Poges golf-course in one stroke in his very first game in this country; and now Mr. Kennedy has refused to present any American ladies at Court except the families of American officials. It appears that the unfortunate American Ambassadors of the past have been compelled to present twice as many ladies as all the other diplomatic missions put together. Mr. Kennedy has struck work, and, I think, with a good deal of reason.

REPORTS of the Chinese victory over the Japanese near some place which I cannot spell, and which would not be of the faintest interest to you, little reader, even if I could, are becoming more and more circumstantial. The very idea of a Chinese victory has by long custom and precedent become so remote that one is naturally disinclined to believe that the miracle has happened at last. But if it has, the Japanese authorities will have to put in a good deal of serious thinking in the next few weeks. Even a victorious war in China

is going to be an expensive amusement. Any defeat is bound to add enormously to the cost, let alone what it will do to Japanese "face."

THE English are an inscrutable race. Once again they have rallied their forces to prevent themselves from making money out of the Highlands. For the third time, English votes in the House of Commons have rejected the Caledonian Power Scheme, which would have used Highland water-power for the manufacture of calcium carbide.

THERE will probably be another by-election soon, which will give the Left Wing parties another opportunity to see if they can sink their differences and join hands. There is no doubt that it was the joining of the Liberals and the Socialists which led to the defeat of the Government at Ipswich and West Fulham. The next seat which a Popular Front would have a chance of winning is Aylesbury, from which it is thought that Mr. Michael Beaumont is going to resign in order to devote himself to farming. A real, working Popular Front in the constituencies would be a serious menace to the National Government, but I wonder if it can be created.

THERE is a distinct possibility that two notable victories may be won upon the Vandal front in the near future. Strong pressure has been brought to bear by public opinion on the Worthing Council in the matter of High Salvington and the threatened crop of houses may yet be staved off. And the Middlesex County Council has bought Theobald's Park, at Waltham Cross, and will probably incorporate the seventy-six acres of it in London's Green Belt. The other side, however, are scoring victory after victory in St. James's Square, which is rapidly becoming as ugly as anything in London.

MR. KAREL CAPEK has protested in strong language against the production of his play, *Power and Glory*, at the Savoy Theatre. As the play is presented, Mr. Oscar Homolka doubles the parts of dictator and pacifist doctor. Consequently the two characters can never meet. But Mr. Capek says that as he wrote the play the two characters did meet in the last act, and that their meeting was the climax of the play. A telephone conversation, he says, has been substituted at the Savoy for the meeting. It is an odd situation.

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM and the London Philharmonic Orchestra were in spirited fettle on Sunday at the Cambridge Theatre, when they played Mozart in one of Miss Betty Humby's concerts. The theatre was crowded, and the audience was enthusiastic. A questionnaire was circulated during the evening asking, among other things, whether next season Schubert ought to be added to the programmes, and whether the concerts are too long. One is apt to be suspicious of plebiscites in these days, but I think the answers to this questionnaire will be interesting when they are published. There is a greater enthusiasm for music in London than is generally believed, especially on the Continent.

MR. LOWTHER LEES, the Manchester amateur who is the open champion of tennis, will have to show better form than he has just been showing in London if he is to hold his title against James Dear, the professional challenger. In two matches Mr. Lees lost to the veteran Lord Aberdare and only just squeaked home against Mr. Norman Railing.

THE Halford Hewitt Cup attracted an enormous entry at Deal, and more than five hundred public-school golfers turned up to play. So congested, indeed, was the competition that on the first two days several teams had to get up at half-past six to be on the first tee at eight. Marlborough won for the first time, the redoubtable Carthusians going down before the Watsonians. Winchester as usual were strongly fancied, and as usual failed.

GLASGOW is steadily hotting up for the great Empire Exhibition which is to be opened by the King on May 3rd. The exhibit which is at the moment stealing the limelight is the Ministry of Health's mechanical man, who talks and explains how he works. He is four times life-size, and has cameras instead of eyes. He sounds pretty grim to me, and so far I have not heard any rational explanation of why he exists at all.

JUST as the incredible bout of sunshine played havoc with the season of spring flowers by bringing them on so quickly, so the late frost is not going to improve the fruit crop. It is too soon to say for certain how much damage it has caused all over the country, but there is no question that in some districts there will be no fruit at all this year.

SIR SAMUEL HOARE, the Home Secretary, is going ahead with his plans for humanising the prison system, but he will have to be careful in the way he works out his latest idea. The new colour-scheme of green and yellow is all very well, but what about the hanging of pictures in the mess-rooms? Artistically sensitive lags might complain, for instance, that Surrealism was not included by the judge in their sentences.

AN English dancer in Paris has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment for killing her German husband, and the sentence has been remitted under the First Offenders Act.

A Button for Information

Lord Derby opened the new information bureau of the Travel and Industrial Development Association in Cockspur Street last week. Mr. Neville Parish, manager of the bureau, gave him a demonstration of the automatic information machine. Behind them is the Mayor of Westminster

Pictures for Death Duties

Some of the best pictures from Newnham Paddox, where the late Viscount Feilding, the Earl of Denbigh's son, lived until his sudden death last year, were taken off the walls last week and brought to London to be sold to pay death duties. Newnham Paddox is in Warwickshire and has been in the Earl of Denbigh's family for nearly six hundred years

Harold Turner as the Empress's Henpecked Lover

The Three Poor Tailors:
Claude Newman, Frederick Ashton and William Chappell

The Emperor is Robert Helpmann, who gives in the part a most perfect character-study of a vain and gullible peacock

"Le Roi Nu"

The New Ballet—a Fairy-tale Joke — at Sadler's Wells

This could only be a de Valois ballet, hall-marked as it is by the wit of its detail, the unerring, amusing malice of its characterisation, the subtlety in its comedy which the more obvious jokes can easily obscure until the ballet has been seen several times. The dancing, the mime, and the ensembles of courtiers, pages and peasants have been fitted like a jewelled glove to the Hans Andersen story of the Emperor's new clothes as told in Lifar's scenario, and to the sparkling Françaix music. The whole is delightfully completed by Hedley Briggs' decor, a gay and inventive expression of eighteenth-century Chinoiserie. Robert Helpmann and Pearl Argyle are the Emperor and Empress; the three rascally Tailors are excellently performed by Frederick Ashton, William Chappell and Claude Newman; Harold Turner dances a pas de deux with Mary Honer as well as his part of the Empress's Lover

Photographs by Anthony

Below : the Emperor and Empress in a pas de deux — Robert Helpmann and Pearl Argyle

Peasants' Pas de Deux :
Mary Honer and Harold Turner

"But He Has Nothing On!"
Margaret Bolam is the enfant terrible

They Had Their Honeymoons at Easter

Mr. R. Hope and Miss Helen Lambart

The Hon. Richard Hope, youngest son of Lord and Lady Rankeillour, and Helen Lambart, younger daughter of Mr. Alfred Lambart and Mrs. Lambart, of 12a, Chalgrove Way, Emmer Green, Berks., were married at the Church of Our Lady and St. Anne, Caversham. He is Headmaster of the Oratory School

Lt. Noble, R.N., and Miss Gabbett

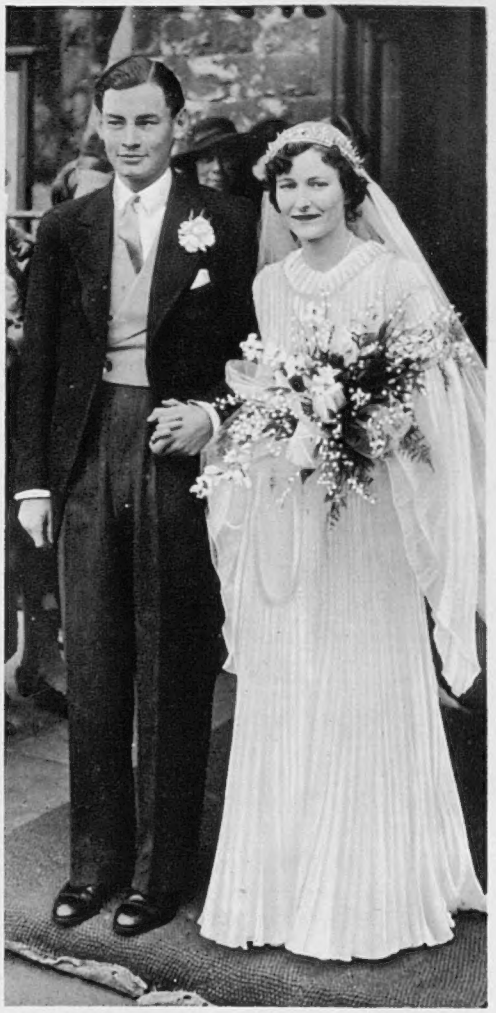
It was a quiet wedding at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, between Allan Herbert Percy Noble, son of Vice-Admiral Sir Percy and Lady Noble, and Barbara Janet Margaret Gabbett, daughter of Col. and Mrs. K. J. Gabbett. A reception was afterwards held at Claridge's

Mr. Peter Higgins and

Peter Higgins is the only Rupert Higgins, of Gren- Kathleen Dunn is the eldest Dunn and Gertrude Lady at St. Anne's School

Mr. C. De Sausmarez and Miss Hedley

Cecil Havilland De Sausmarez, a master at Wellington College, son of Brig.-Gen. and the late Mrs. De Sausmarez, married Christian Elizabeth Anne Hedley at Holy Trinity, Sunningdale. She is the daughter of the late Colonel Sir Coote Hedley and Lady Hedley, of The Cottage, Sunningdale



Sub-Lt. James, R.N., and Miss Swire

Lt.-Comdr. F. G. John-

Left: Christopher James and Cynthia Swire were married at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens. He is the only son of Vice-Adm. Sir William and Lady James, of Churt, Surrey; she is the elder daughter of the late Douglas Swire and Mrs. N. Wodehouse

Miss Kathleen Dunn

son of Captain and Mrs. ville, Droxford, Hants.; daughter of Sir James Dunn. They were married Chapel, Seaton Place

Mr. Dorian Williams and Miss Lubbock

Dorian Williams, who married the Hon. Moyra Lubbock, at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, is the elder son of Major and Mrs. V. D. S. Williams, of Hornblotton House, Castle Cary, Somerset. Moyra Lubbock is the late Hon. Harold Lubbock and Lady Wardington's daughter, and sister of Lord Avebury

Capt. Harold Scott and Miss Hancock

Harold Eldon Scott, of the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, married Daphne Hancock at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. He is the son of the Hon. Osmund and Mrs. Scott, of High Broom, Crowborough, Sussex; she is the elder daughter of Col. and Mrs. FitzHardinge Hancock, of Congham Hall, King's Lynn, Norfolk

stone and Mrs. Estcourt

It was a Chelsea register office wedding between Lt.-Comdr. Felix Johnstone, R.N., younger son of the Hon. Gilbert and Mrs. Johnstone, and Mrs. June Estcourt, daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. H. W. Looker, of Dane Hill, Sussex

Mr. R. A. Orr Ewing and Miss Marion Hester Cameron

Ronald Archibald Orr Ewing, Scots Guards, and Marion Hester Cameron were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, with a guard of honour from the bridegroom's regiment and the Cameron family piper, Norman McRae, to pipe the bride in and out of church. She is the daughter of Sir Donald Cameron of Lochiel and Lady Hermione Cameron; Mr. Orr Ewing is the son of Brig.-Gen. Sir Norman and Lady Orr Ewing

London Before Easter

The Last of the Socialite Outings

Mrs. William King and Mr. Peter Coats

Mrs. William King was one of the few obedient guests at Mrs. Ralph Philipson's "baroque" party—she wore a fine curly wig with many bows. All guests were asked to wear baroque headdresses as the party was a house-warming for Mrs. Philipson's studio, decorated in coral and white, baroque style, by Felix Harbord. Miss "Gogo" Schiaparelli (below), Mme. Elsa Schiaparelli's debutante daughter, was another guest

Viscountess Elmley and Mrs. Langley-Taylor

These two were at a committee meeting for the England Ball which is being organised by the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, to take place at Grosvenor House on May 4th

Lady Dashwood

Lady Dashwood and the trio below were at the premiere of "Le Roi s'Amuse," the amusing French satire now at the Academy, one of the films everyone tried to find time to see before they went away for Easter

Miss "Gogo" Schiaparelli and Mr. Patrick Blackwood

Lady Moyra Ponsonby, Mlle. Sylvia Regis de Oliveira, Mr. Philip Colville

Sketches by Rouson

Ghost-hunters: four members of the Tracey family (Agnes Lauchlan, Robert Eddison, Evelyn Roberts, A. E. Matthews)

Amoureuse Pleasance (Betty Chancellor)

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Ghost for Sale" (Whitehall)

IN old English houses (such old English houses, for example, as Tracey Manor in Mr. Ronald Jeans's latest comedy) there may (as it takes little time to discover at the Whitehall) be copious panelling that conceals old hiding-places, and smoking chimneys that drive all the inmates into the one habitable room, and coats of arms over the fireplaces, and Carolinean portraits on the walls, and old legends of ancestors or ancestresses who played false with a horse-dealer. In addition to which, there may or there may not be ghosts.

If there are no ghosts, then these may be unscrupulously conjured up, with the aid of a well-tipped butler in a cowl, by would-be purchasers at a less than reasonable price. And the would-be purchasers themselves, having successfully carried out their plot and brought off their deal, may make the alarming discovery that when the daughter of the house was found in a faint because, as she declared, she had seen a hooded figure gliding under the moon in the shrubbery, this did not occur after but before the butler had started on his phantom round. Would, then, that the purchase had never been made!

Old family retainer exceeding his duties (Townsend Whitling)

MR. JEANS, being a writer of much experience and considerable ingenuity, contrives enough devices of one kind and another to keep his theme from doing what it seems always on the verge of doing, which is to pall. Having introduced an effective if not startlingly novel planchette seance into Act I, he comes thoroughly up to date in Act II with a Ghost Broadcast. The humours of Act III are engendered by the discovery of a curse entailing some dire catastrophe at a specified time on the owner of the property, and by the consequent endeavours of Owner No. 2 to get Owner No. 3 to complete purchase before the fatal tick of the clock.

And of course, in the end, Owner No. 1, who alone loves the old place as it should be loved, gets it back again. And as young people arrange to marry one another, the curtain falls on strange sounds that may mean anything or nothing, but that certainly put a much-needed little kick into the chime of wedding-bells.

A VERY pleasant and very talented company helps to steer this comedy safely to port. There is Mr. A. E. Matthews, looking literally half his age. There is Mr. Evelyn Roberts, who has not played a part badly for years, if then. There is Mr. Robert Eddison, a young comedian who has made a speciality of diffidence and who improves every month. Miss Rosalyn Boulter is easy on the eye and good to hear as well as look at. Miss Agnes Lauchlan, though she has been more entertaining in other parts, could hardly be more entertaining in this. And above all, there is little Miss Betty Chancellor, who, I suppose, is what would be called a character actress and who is like a rather less elaborate and artful Hilda Trevelyan. The managers will, I suspect, now scramble for her. And those who get her will be the lucky ones.

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" My—but what handlebars you have, Oscar ! "

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES CARPENDALE, Deputy Director-General of the B.B.C., having been piped over the side (by special permission of the Admiralty), there is a feeling of grim suspense overhanging Broadcasting House. Not that the boys hope any of that kind but iron discipline will be relaxed, or that they 'll be let off morning and evening Inspection and Divisions now that Sir Charles has gone. They 're fearing a sterner Amurath to Amurath will succeed, that flogging and hard tack will be introduced, that flowers and aspirin will be abolished from studios and rest-rooms, that neurotic or wayward announcers will be flung straightway into irons for the least mistake, that harsh voices will bark and bellow perpetually through those silent gleaming corridors, whistling shrilly and crying " Tumble up ! " and " Step lively ! " and that mauve or egg-yellow jumpers and those tasty little neo-Renaissance beards will be barred. In a pub near Portland Place much infested by the B.B.C. boys we counted four of these the other evening, ranging in tint from old mouse to orange-tawny. At the same time, we couldn't help admiring the fine physique of the boys. A year or so ago some of these splendid lads were probably weedy, narrow-chested louts, slacking about the streets, playing pitch-and-toss. A few weeks' drill on the B.B.C. parade ground (which is on the roof. Next time you 're passing at sundown listen for the bugle, watch the grand old B.B.C. flag on the topmast flutter slowly down, and think of those hundreds of massed athletic figures, high above you, standing stiffly at the salute) turns them into men the Empire is proud of. We especially single out the Drama Department for Praise. . Steel and whipcord is what those boys, clear-eyed, are made of; their figures are those of Greek athletes, and their double muscles ripple like a Charlotte Russe in an earthquake.

We 're now taking you over to Zoops Zeizler and his Voodoo Vikings, broadcasting from the Odium, Runcorn.

Wow

SOMETHING new in the way of theatrical entertainment—it would probably burn 'em up in the West End—was a recent recital of some of Plato's Dialogues on the stage of the principal theatre of Bologna by Signor Ermete Zacconi, an eminent eighty-two-year-old actor. We bet our bright impresario boys, who are always rushing to and fro trying to find novelties, couldn't have thought this one up in a hundred years. Signor Zacconi recited the whole of the *Crito* and part of the *Phaedo*, in Italian; the critics said it was a very interesting evening, and in our view it would make the ideal after-supper show at one of the smart joints, by way of a change from all those glamour girls with the same pan. And, what is more, we bet that if somebody got Nelson Keys to recite a bit of the *Phaedo*, perfectly seriously, the average West End cabaret audience, including the drunks, would find a laugh in every line, especially in that moving scene in which Socrates drinks the hemlock.

Which raises a mildly interesting problem: when you took your girl, a bit of a featherhead, out in ancient Greece, and the head-waiter said if you wanted a good show you oughtn't to miss the *Agamemnon*, or the *Œdipus*, which was packing 'em in, what happened if your girl suddenly got the hiccups or the giggles half-way through the performance? (One is given to believe that a Greek audience invariably listened to any tragedy by the big boys in a religious hush, but we doubt it, for girls will be girls.) Probably some testy drama-lover knifed her on the spot, as happens when somebody whoops or coughs in the wrong place at a Gilbert-and-Sullivan service.

" Is that the Gimborg Bath Company? "

Dope Dept.

MARIHUANA, Indian hemp, the stuff " hot " jazz-bands in Harlem use to work themselves into a frothing,

paranoiac frenzy, was blamed at the Old Bailey for the running-amok of that ex-trooper of the 12th Lancers who gunned a couple of cops recently and was a marihuana-addict. This drug, smoked in cigarettes, chiefly in Mexico and the New York underworld, produces intense excitement and hallucinations, and we trust the M.C.C. will make a note of it. It sounds to us like the obvious solution of the Test problem, and might be the means of saving Mother England from certain ignominy and defeat. Benzedrine is too mild, we think now. Marihuana would turn our chaps into tigers, leaping and lashing like devils incarnate at every ball, frothing at the jaws, terrifying their opponents, giggling like little mad fairies. This may sound like a counsel of despair, but the position is so hopeless—every moment as we write the Orontes is steaming nearer these shores, with her cargo of insolent Australian conquerors—that we 're prepared to sacrifice even good form and deportment for the Motherland's sake. We formally call on Archbishops Warner and Fry to sanction the use of marihuana in what will be not only a dreadful national emergency but a struggle which will decide the future of civilisation. We ask them to issue a joint appeal to the nation, warning them that hemp-soaked cricketers with staring, unseeing eyeballs may soon be running through our streets, lashing round with bats and crying aloud in strange tongues, and that the duty of the populace is to remove its hat in silence and stand aside, respecting the heroic lads who are immolating themselves for England.

And after the battle is won, after the cowed and cringing Antipodeans have slunk ignobly off the glorious field, what then? Our lads will be hopeless marihuana-addicts for life, no doubt. But England has never failed her heroes yet, and we can see a stately rest-home, marble without and barred and padded within, rising in Hyde Park, and millions of grateful citizens tuning-in every night at 6.30 to listen to the howls of England's saviours.

Joints

DESCRIBING the "200 or 300"—divide by 5 for accuracy—West End bottle-parties in a circular letter to M.P.s as "wild and dangerous excrescences" and "an obvious menace to the younger generation," the Committee Chairman of the Hotels and Restaurants Association took up a pretty good and high moral attitude, we thought. What he said about his trade-rivals is true of 90 per cent. of them, and it was a good idea to start off on an ethical note and introduce the commercial angle later, the full complaint of the restaurants being not only that bottle-parties are a menace to morals but that they 're robbing the restaurants of trade. Where Sir George Reeves-Smith certainly did ring the bell was in drawing attention to the risk of a fire-panic in most of these places. We were in one of the better joints ourselves the other night, for purely disinterested and ethical reasons—we wanted to see if anything further could be done to improve its tone—and this point struck us forcibly. The place was underground, packed to suffocation, and had only one entrance—exit. Had some high-spirited playboy thought it might be a good joke to yell "Fire!" (we said to ourselves) a very pretty schemozzle would have resulted and any number of people killed in the rush. For being immune from all L.C.C. regulations, the proprietors of bottle-party joints needn't worry their shiny heads about exits, and for the most part don't.

The whole position is typical of Cloud-Cuckoo Land and Wonderful London, its capital, and it arrides us. Forced by Puritanism and vested interests to gollop their liquor down in a limited space of time, instead of being able to drink leisurely, decently and at their ease at any reasonable hour, as grown-up Europeans do, the populace is driven into the speak-easies and the Law is made to look a fool. Sooner or later the bottle-parties will be squelched, something else illicit will immediately take their place, and we shall realise once more what Slogger Tennyson meant when he launched that hot-crack about "Freedom slowly broadening down, From precedent to precedent."

Chanson Gai

So many pirated versions of what has come to be known as the Spilsbury Song have been floating round during the Torso Case that we 've been asked to give the original, which goes:

Seated one day at the organs,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the vertebraes;
I knew not whom I was flaying,
Nor what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one bone which sounded
Like a cinch for the big G-men.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"There's a chronic stomach-ache and a mysterious pain in the neck still waiting, doctor"

Films of the Day

Scenery v. Actors in Technicolor

By George Campbell

Now that so many people are pessimistic about British films, aren't we apt to forget how much has been achieved? A few years ago the photography alone was generally enough to indicate the country of origin. It was muddy and flat: where there should have been high lights and dark shadows there was only a deadly, monotonous grey. This alone was sufficient to kill the best of direction and acting; for it is impossible to lose yourself in any story so long as you are uneasily conscious that what you are watching is a photograph, and a pretty bad photograph at that.

Now everything is changed. A good British film, whatever its other defects, is photographed just as well as a good Hollywood film; and in Technicolor the progress has been so rapid that London Film Productions' *The Drum* is reckoned by most experts the finest bit of colour yet made. Producers have learned from past mistakes. They no longer imagine that if colour is a good thing you can't have too much of it. In place of the glittering military uniforms and brilliant dresses of *Becky Sharp* they now give us nature in its most subdued moods—and it is extraordinary that the lower the tones the more effective the photography. The desert in *The Garden of Allah* was found to reveal a score of lovely gradations from ivory to old gold; the wild ravines and rocky slopes of the North-West Frontier (and of Wales, where in a carefully "matched" valley the picture was completed) run the scale from brown and dull red in the foreground to richest purple in the middle distance, and beyond that again the softest and loveliest of blues.

In presenting people the film is hardly so successful. With colour photography it is not so easy to arrange lighting to heighten beauty and character as it is in black and white: the light has to be more diffused, and there is some loss of definition. It has surprised many people, too, to find that actresses with the showiest colouring are not necessarily those that come out best on the screen. Just as lower tones are most effective in nature, so brunettes are apt to look more attractive than platinum blondes—especially if the blonde happens to have one of those dark partings, or a metallic glint.

In *The Drum*, possibly because of technical difficulties, there are not enough close-ups; there are too many medium shots of groups in which the finer shades of emotion and thought are imperceptible, We could have done, for instance, with more close-ups of Valerie Hobson—to my mind quite the loveliest English actress on the screen, with her perfect oval face and enormous liquid eyes. Incidentally, Miss Hobson is an actress of rare intelligence and charm. Given the right parts she should go right to the top, and stay there.

As entertainment, *The Drum* is uneven, but on the whole satisfactory, and I haven't the slightest doubt of its success at the box-office. The character drawing is somewhat perfunctory, and it is some time before Zoltan Korda's direction succeeds in inducing anything more than a mild interest in the human beings playing their conventional parts against these terrific, lovely backgrounds. Once the dirty work begins, however, the thing really grips, and the climax is magnificent—a fight to the death between the British troops and the tribesmen whose leader is entertaining them while harbouring pleasant notions of massacre.

The acting is competent all round, and in spots first-class. Apart from Miss Hobson, who makes the small part of the British Resident's loyal wife stand out, the best acting in the film comes from Desmond Tester, as a drummer boy. Master Tester is said to dislike acting, and cherish other ideas of a career. I only wish a lot of his fellow actors felt the same urge to Get Away From It All.

Sabu (getting back to *The Drum*) smiles charmingly, but hasn't much chance to do any real acting. Roger Livesey makes a manly if slightly uninspiring hero, Raymond Massey is suitably sinister as the dirty dog of a Khan, and Francis Sullivan and Edward Lexy are conspicuous amongst the 2000 others who assist.

Am I wrong about *A Damsel in Distress* or is Fred Astaire slipping? It is not merely that one misses Ginger Rogers—and one *does* miss her, despite the sincerity and pretty charm of the newcomer, Joan Fontaine, a sister of Olivia de Havilland, born in Tokyo of (I believe) English parentage. The trouble goes deeper. Mr. Astaire seems tired. Even the dancing is dullish, judged by his own incomparable standards.

The story can hardly have inspired him. *A Damsel in Distress*, like all P. G. Wodehouse's stuff, looks pretty thin when stretched out over an hour and a half on the screen, and there is little of the wit and none of the snappy songs that made *Follow the Fleet* a joy. I don't want to croak, but I do feel that someone ought to give Mr. Astaire what leader-writers call a Grave Warning. His plight recalls what Gladstone, as reported in *The Times*, said about the Sultan of Turkey, in 1882, apropos of the massacres in Armenia: "This guy must snap out of it, or"—*The Times* correspondent recalls that here the Grand Old Man pondered and stroked his beard, to end on a thundering climax with: "—or else!"

Washing-Day on a Barge

Jessie Matthews' new film, "Sailing Along," is a real fairy-story of making good, with Miss Matthews as a bargee's adopted daughter who becomes a dazzling dancing star, and Barry Mackay as her bargee boy-friend who makes enough money in no time to buy himself a world-cruising schooner. Sonnie Hale directed his wife, as usual. "Sailing Along" went to the Gaumont on Sunday

Astaire to the Rescue

Fred Astaire, George Burns and Gracie Allen have most of the fun of the P. G. Wodehouse story in its film form, *A Damsel in Distress*. He is a young American dancer (something quite new) and they are his Press agents, and there is a lovely English girl (Joan Fontaine) to be rescued, and a castle to rescue her from, and, judging by these pictures, a superlative kind of fun-fair thrown in, and lots of singing and dancing, and music by George Gershwin. Astaire's knight-errantry, nimble feet and irresistible smile are at the Regal this week

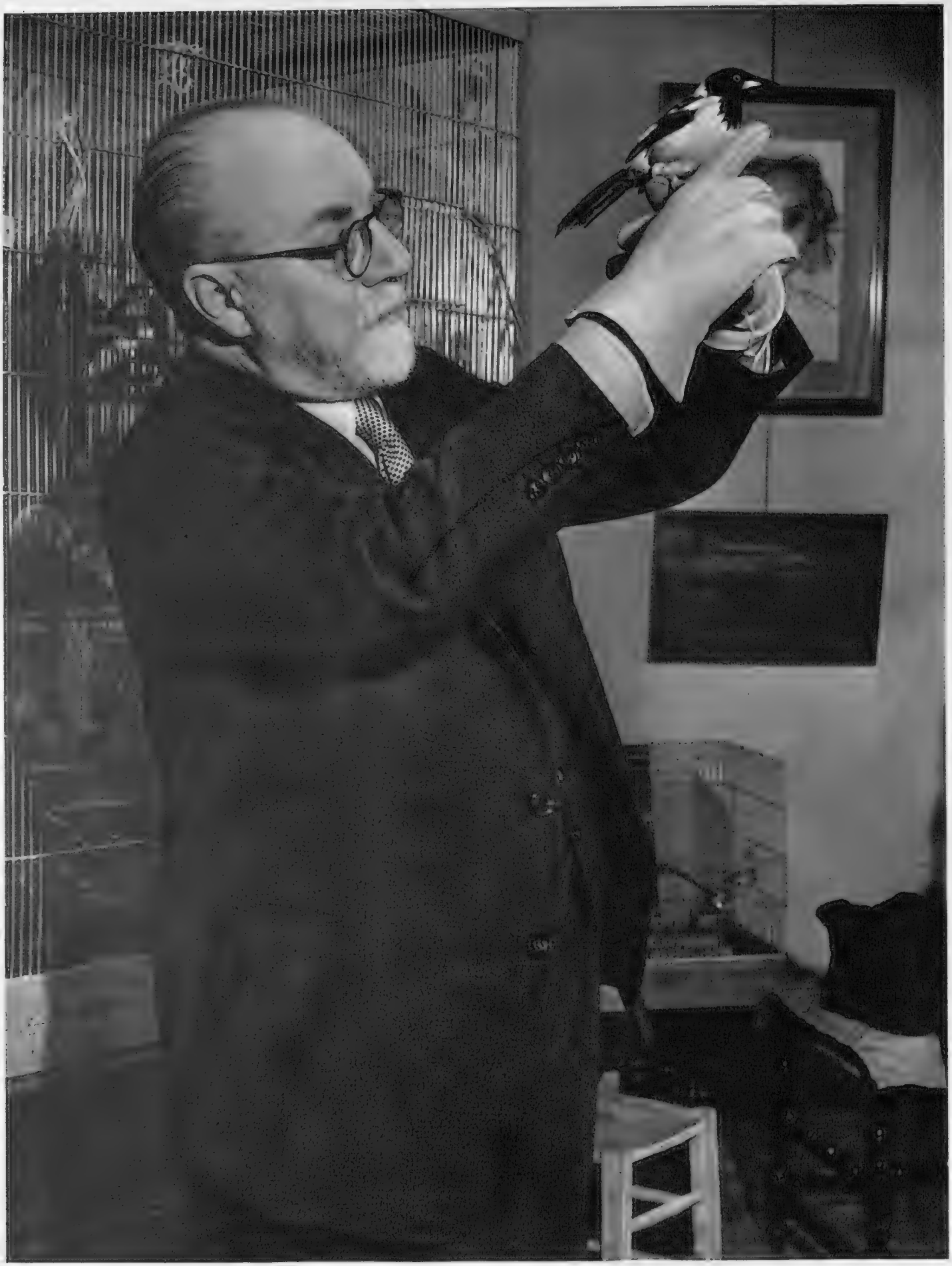
The Valleys Near Saas in Prättigau Are Full of the Froth and Spray of Blossom

Photographs by E. Meerkamper, Davos-Platz

A Narcissus Field Near Seewis, With the Calanda Range in the Background

Spring in Switzerland—a Magical Beauty of Flowers

Crocuses in the Snow: *a miracle that spring ski-ers see when they come down into the hot sunny valleys from the still-unbroken white above. This photograph was taken at Dischmatal near Davos*



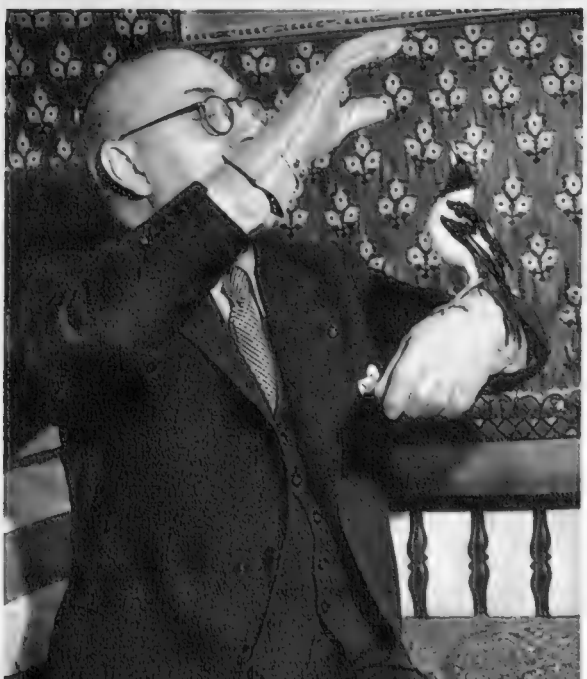
Photographs by Brassaï, Paris

The Artist, Thickly Gloved, Has a Tête-à-Tête With One of His Birds

The Huge Cage Stands in His Sunny Montparnasse Studio

Henri Matisse and His Aviary

Henri Matisse lives in the Boulevard Montparnasse, where his dozens and dozens of birds fill the sunny room with a perpetual twitter of small songs and busy movement. He himself, in his sixty-seventh year, with his neatly-trimmed beard and solid, well-cut suit, has little enough of the artist about his appearance; the gloves in which he handles his birds are part of the meticulous orderliness of his surroundings. But there is nothing academic or bounded in the work of this great master of colour. André Gide says of him: "Matisse never seems to me greater or better than when he abandons himself unreflectingly to his gifts, without allowing his intelligence or his theories to intervene overmuch. . . . The most persistent and surest of his qualities is, in my opinion, his instinct"



The "Bystander" Bookshelf

C. S. Forester's New Novel

By Alan Thomas

I MAY as well confess at once that I am a C. S. Forester fan. It is the sort of confession, perhaps, that no critic ought to make. But even with critics the truth will sometimes out. And so I repeat, I am a C. S. Forester fan. If you have not read *The General*, let me advise you to go at once to your library and ask for it. After that, *The Happy Return*. And then I guarantee you will need very little telling to ask for Mr. Forester's new book, *A Ship of the Line* (Michael Joseph; 7*s.* 6*d.*). This is another Hornblower story: and those who recall that famous commander's exploits off the Pacific coast of Central America will know the sort of yarn they may expect. The scene of operations this time is the Western Mediterranean. Hornblower commands the Sutherland (two decks, seventy-four guns), under the orders of a stupid, unimaginative Admiral. As often as he can, Hornblower gives the Admiral the slip and goes off on harrying expeditions round about the French and Spanish coasts. Each exploit, recounted with a wealth of circumstantial detail, is a thriller in itself: and the story of the Sutherland's rescue of the flagship in a storm is a high spot of excitement. Where the story falls short is in what I believe the film chaps call "continuity." The book as a whole is too episodic. One incident is over and we go on to the next. But what about the interstices? Take, for example, that unfortunate landing party, dispatched by the Admiral against Hornblower's advice. The show, of course, was a flop: but why couldn't we have had the Admiral's subsequent reactions? What passed between Hornblower and the Admiral as a result of that failure? Surely something must have been said. But what, we are not told. And did Hornblower get no thanks for his rescue of the Pluto? Again we are not told. As to the final engagement, I will only say that it leaves the reader in breathless expectation to know what happens next. The sequel, I trust, will therefore be not long delayed. Meantime, congratulations, Mr. Forester!

A GOOD deal of molten metal has flowed into the gun-castings since Mr. Beverley ("Cry Havoc") Nichols published his masterpiece of pacifism. The world has moved on—or back. And so has Mr. Nichols. He has, in fact, discovered that something is worth fighting for; to wit, the British Empire. Those who remember his previous writings may be surprised at this conclusion. They may even see some inconsistency. Mr. Nichols, on the contrary, assures us there is none. "We have not been inconsistent," he writes in his new effort, *News of England* (Jonathan Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*), "we do not pretend that war is anything but legalised murder. But we do at least see that something very precious may vanish altogether from the world unless we are prepared to defend it." Well, that at all events is a courageous confession. What else has he to offer us? Briefly, a lecture on our decadence. We have become an indifferent, apathetic nation: we gamble too much: we drink too much: Oxford as a breeding ground for future legislators has gone into a decline, and even the cartoonists of *Punch* have lost their cunning. Now and again by way of light relief we are treated to some competent reporting on aspects of the B.B.C., Scotland Yard, etc.,; and, to end up with, a *bonne-bouche* in praise of—Oswald Mosley "the only man I know who has in him the qualities of that hero for whom this country has waited so long, and waited in vain." So now you know. The book wanders a bit, and gives no very clear lead. And those who were expecting to have their belief in the steadfastness or profundity of Mr. Nichols' judgment confirmed will, I think, be slightly disappointed.

G. S. Marlowe

His new novel, "Pictures on the Pavement," is reviewed on this page. He took his pen-name from the weir at Marlowe-on-Thames, being a confirmed fishing addict

MR. G. S. MARLOWE'S *Pictures on the Pavement* (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a novel of Life with large L—London Life in particular, the passing scene, the people in the street, some of whom are hurrying to mean tenements, others gliding in limousines to mansions in Mayfair. Gaston, the pavement artist who watches them, has his pitch at Hyde Park Corner, and his residence in a slum. One day good fortune brushes his shoulder. He is taken up and whirled into the front rank of lightning-sketch artists on the variety stage. Charity performances bring him in touch with a section of Society: he becomes a favourite—especially with the girls—and ends by marrying a socialite. That is the top-notch. Then, a little incredibly, he is arrested for a murder which he never committed, and having been wanted by the police, he is no longer wanted by his friends. The ladder which he climbed no longer holds him and he slips down, down, until he touches bottom again on the pavement at Hyde Park Corner. The story itself is romantic and improbable: but the method of telling it is interesting. Mr. Marlowe transfers something of the cinema technique to the pages of a novel. The scenes, described sometimes in abrupt telegraphese, flick over quickly one after another, omitting inessentials—just the way, in fact, a pavement artist might describe the life that is passing to and fro in front of him. It is effective, but for a full-length book a little tiring.

STEPHEN LEACOCK is one of the world's great serio-comics. You will listen to him telling a funny story or delivering a humorous address and before you know it he will be confronting you with the wisdom of the sages. He fulfils, in fact, the double function of pulling your leg and at the same time improving your mind. His latest (but pray Heaven, not his last) volume is entitled *Here Are My Lectures* (The Bodley Head; 7*s.* 6*d.*). A year ago he retired from college lecturing "at the urgent request of the college trustees, who were very firm about it"; and now "at the request of innumerable friends all over the country" he is retiring from lecturing on public platforms as a humorist. Well, more 's the pity—for those who might have had a chance of hearing him. For the rest of us, here are his lectures, ranging from the Next War (How soon can we start it?) to Frenzied Fiction (Love at $1.25 a Throb), from "What I don't know about the Drama" to "My Newspaper and how I read it." There is fun in them for all tastes and a bookful of good sense for those who choose to read between the lines.

The Coles at Home

Turn up *Who's Who* and you will find that Mr. George Douglas Howard Cole and Mrs. Margaret Isabel Cole both occupy honourable lengths of column. He was educated at Balliol, Oxford, and is now University Reader in Economics and a Fellow of University College; she was educated at Girton, Cambridge (First in Classics) and is the daughter of Professor J. P. Postgate. Their marriage in 1918 has produced, as well as a son and two daughters, a great number of books in which they have collaborated. Some of these are on social and Socialist questions, about which each has written separately, he voluminously, others, more widely circulated, are their detective novels; twenty-two of these have been published, and "Mrs. Warrinder's Profession" is to appear in the late spring. Last year they conducted social research in Sweden, this year their plans to do the same in Mexico have been upset. They live in Hendon and are just now wandering in the New Forest looking at villages

Playing Brahms in Vienna

These now historic photographs were taken in Vienna when Austria was still a free and independent State, and Vienna one of Europe's noblest centres of art and science. This wonderful quartet playing Brahms together are Artur Schnabel, the Austrian pianist, whose home is now in Italy; Bronislaw Huberman, the Polish violinist, who was appointed director of Vienna's Violin Master School in 1934, and in whose rooms this quartet met to play; Paul Hindemith, the German viola-player and composer; and Pablo Casals the Spanish 'cellist, conductor and composer

Photographs by Dora Horowitz, Vienna

Artur Schnabel, Bronislaw Huberman, Paul Hindemith, Pablo Casals

"Bystander" Short Story No. 135

Wedding Cake

By John Collier

Illustration by Gwyneth Bell

A BARRISTER, who knew his way about Paris, joined forces with a young man in the Foreign Office, who had published a book of verse, and together they took the Bellinger sisters to a really Bohemian dive in Soho. The Bellinger sisters, who liked all that was best in art and literature, had staying with them a distant cousin, Eleanor Rushbridge, a girl of twenty-one, and, relying upon the manliness and discretion of their hosts, they took her along, too, to give her a taste of life among the writers, painters, models and worse.

They went to the Chinese restaurant, the Tsientsin, in Charlotte Street. One of the young men archly offered the ladies preserved eggs, the other told them that the people here were the real thing. As the meal drew to a close, they leaned back and began to talk about poetry, carelessly, loudly, cynically, daringly, intimately, and every word of this talk was nectar and ambrosia to Eleanor Rushbridge.

It was probably the first time in twenty years that the work of Swinburne had been so vivaciously discussed in Soho, but this was no drawback to Eleanor, for she came from the 'Shires, where Swinburne still means almost too much.

She was a good horsewoman, but secretly she loved poetry: her parents were extremely wealthy, but she dreamed of life in a garret. She had the freshest face you can possibly imagine: her cheeks were as ruddy as the dawn, and her eye as clear as crystal—that was the horse-riding—but her face naturally lifted a degree or two more than is usual, her lips parted, and her eye alternately melted and shone. You would describe it as an ardent face.

"That girl," thought Bernard Parkinson, who was sitting at the next table, "has a face like a flame."

The phrase is not a new one, but Bernard was a poet. Poets are usually up to date in these days, but Bernard was what is known—or used to be known—as a "true poet." The abominable snowman is not more legendary than this animal; nor is the giant panda more rare. Sometimes, like the snowman, he leaves a doubtful footprint on the sands of time; like the panda, he is a mild and ambling creature, and a native of the rocks. Like the panda, also, he has a great passion for bamboo-shoots, when he can get them, and he seldom becomes known to us even when he is dead.

Bernard, the last of the "true poets," was true in every detail. In youth he had refused to enter his father's business and had been cut off with a pound a week. He lived among the chimney-pots and the stars, with a truckle bed, a frying-pan and the manuscript of an epic. He was too poor to have friends; he shopped with a string bag, and ate his herring in solitude, and the little street-walkers, who are sparrows to any St. Francis, called him the "poor gent." He wrote a sonnet every now and then and sent them to peculiar papers, which, however, were not so peculiar but they sent them back. At last—and it was on his fortieth birthday—the *Bodmin Evening Advertiser* sent him half a guinea for the one which began, "Beauty, for thee I live, for thee I die," and, drunk with success, with his blood flowing in his veins like wine, he braved the glitter and the babble of the Tsientsin, compelled, by an instinct at once mysterious and profound, to celebrate upon bamboo-shoots. Instead, he, like Eleanor, celebrated upon nectar and ambrosia. "That girl," thought he, "has a face like a flame."

"That man," thought Eleanor, "has the hands of an artist. He looks poor," she thought; "he lives only for his art."

She noted his gaunt cheekbones, his sharp nose and his ragged moustache, and she saw that behind his mended spectacles his eye was as gentle and as innocent as a hare's eye. "He must be a poet," she thought.

Her hosts seemed to her to be altogether too prosperous, too easily cynical, mere dabblers: they spoke of cocktail-parties and good reviews. She rushed to avenge the death of Keats, to praise the unsuccessful, and to defend the saintly, hungry lives of all true poets.

Eleanor had never said so much, or so impetuously, or with such downright earnestness, in the whole of her life: she became self-conscious suddenly; she stopped in the middle of a glowing assertion and cast her eyes about for sympathy and support. These eyes, which were as clear as crystal, fell appealingly on Bernard.

"I agree. . . . Excuse me," he said. "I agree with every word you say."

"There, my dear sir," said the barrister, who was absolutely at his ease among the Bohemians, and who saw that Bernard was a gentleman, though shabby. "There, my dear sir, I think you underestimate the significance of Verlaine."

"No, indeed," said Bernard, "but beauty. . . ." And with that the discussion was in full swing. Green tea was ordered; they kept it up till after

(*Concluded on page* 108)

Behind his mended spectacles his eye was as gentle and as innocent as a hare's eye. "He must be a poet," she thought

Wedding Cake *(Continued from page 107)*

eleven. As they straggled out of the restaurant, Bernard—it was the night of his life—found opportunity to speak privately to Eleanor. "If only we could dine together!"

"I should love it," said she frankly.

"Would you?" cried he in a rapture.

She saw that she would have to be the practical one. "But where?" she said.

"Wherever you like," said he.

She had seen that he was poor. "Let it be at one of these little places," she said. "How about the Verona?"

It was the only other Soho restaurant she had ever visited. "At eight?" she said. "On Friday?"

"On Friday," he said, "at eight." The words were like a positive peal of bells. They emerged into the street, he raised his hat, their ways divided, he climbed his precipitous stairs, entered his garret, flung up the window, and leaned out, looking at the stars.

Four days intervened, during which he began, but did not finish, an extraordinary number of poems, most of them odes. His diet was air, dreams, moonshine. These were the hors-d'œuvre to the coming feast: he could have swallowed nothing grosser, and this was just as well, for at the Verona, which this dear, considerate girl had chosen on account of its amazing cheapness, dinner for two costs at least ten shillings; so Bernard had to save.

The evening came. It is impossible to describe with what thumpings of the heart, and to what surgings of divine music, Bernard approached the place. His body seemed as light as air; he seemed to float along rather than to walk. His young, eager charmer was already there, and as he entered she thought: "I was right. I was right. His face is . . . spiritual."

They had a corner table, as all people in their situation should have. They talked, they blushed, they exchanged glances more potent than the Chianti. Observing these glances, the proprietor smiled sentimentally, and added a mysterious two shillings to the bill. When he saw how long they remained at the table, he smiled no longer, but told the waiter to clap on another two shillings, making thirteen in all, and one more for the tip. Bernard paid it without the flicker of an eyelid.

"It has been wonderful," he said, as they went out.

"Lovely," said Eleanor, for she was the frankest young creature in the world. "Let's do the same next week."

"Yes, indeed!" cried Bernard in an ecstasy.

"The same day," said she. "The same hour, the same place, the same table. It shall be our day and our table. Let's do it every week, whatever else we may do in between."

Bernard's heart sank, but only because of the impossibility of proposing to do anything in between. He was not good at figures, but he found no difficulty in subtracting, from his weekly pound, the sum of fourteen shillings for a dinner and five shillings for his rent. Bernard was not going to do very much in between.

Next day, since he had dined so well on Friday, he devoured only a piece of bread which he found in the corner of his meat-safe. Sprinkled with pepper and salt, and buttered with imagination, it resembled a sort of biltong or pemmican, which are known to be highly nutritious. Sunday was herring day. On Monday he was forced to take a long view, and bought twopennyworth of bones from the butcher. Unfortunately, he had not allowed for the gas for boiling them. On Wednesday, while eyeing a gaudy pastry in a confectioner's shop-window, he was seized by a fit of madness, and bought it. By Friday he looked more spiritual than ever.

The first sip of minestrone went to his head. He talked like a man possessed; he recited several of his sonnets, which appeared to have a particular application. Eleanor listened, as if to strains of celestial music. She compared these utterances to the curt blurtings of the beefy young man at home, unpoetical as the explosions from an exhaust-pipe. She was transported into a world of beauty and chivalry. In such a world young girls do not offer to pay the bill, as they might, now they are twenty-one, with Tommy Devereaux or Bunny Bohun-Wrench, and as they'd have to with a truly modern poet. Eleanor was a little afraid, also, of hurting Bernard's pride. She knew he was proud by the way he laughed when he said, ". . . and, of course, one is ridiculously poor."

"He's probably living on three or four hundred a year," she thought, and longed to buy him socks.

Bernard, as the weeks went by, became not a man, but a wraith, compounded equally of love and hunger. In any but a true poet the second must have swallowed up the first, as the camel devours its hump. Bernard kept them apart, except in his sonnets, where he displayed an increasing tendency to liken Eleanor to milk, honey, bread, wine, and even "cates," which can mean a lot. A tight and aching fist clenched itself where once he had had a stomach, his knees trembled, his head swam; a virago assailed him furiously for eyeing too steadfastly her plump and rosy brat, parked on the doorstep of a pub.

Meanwhile, Eleanor found him almost too spiritual. Her face, which was so lifted and ardent, was also as ruddy as the dawn; she rode well, ate heartily, and her blood bounded through her veins. She found herself grow moody, petulant, inclined to fling out at people, and then to dissolve into tears. This was most unusual: she asked herself what could be the matter. When she had repeated the question sufficiently often, she found she had known all along. She wished she could be equally frank with Bernard: the trouble was, her parents were old-fashioned and she had been brought up in the Shires.

"He loves me, I know it," said she to herself. "He is afraid I'll mind being poor." She was not long in telling him how much she hated the expensive way of life, which takes the flavour out of everything.

"I can imagine," she said, "drifting from one little town to another, in the south of France. One could eat in the cheapest inns, an omelette, soupe aux moules, bœuf provençale. . . ."

"Marvellous! Marvellous!" cried Bernard, in a tone so full of feeling that her hopes soared up to the skies. "Or I should like to live," she said, "in a cottage, a tiny cottage, with a little orchard, and one old country woman to do all the cooking and cleaning and everything. Just one horse, perhaps. We—I mean, I——"

"That would be very nice," said Bernard, in a more languid tone.

Eleanor grew desperate. "Bernard," she said frankly, "I want—I want——"

"What?" asked Bernard.

"I want you to—to—to have them bring some more coffee," said Eleanor.

That was another shilling. Or rather, that was *the* other shilling. What was a hundred times worse, there was something cold, almost hostile, in Eleanor's tone when they parted.

Bernard was in despair. He would probably have taken to food, but Friday was the day his pound came to him, and rent-day also. There was nothing in his pockets, nothing to pawn, no hope of getting any sort of a job, no one from whom to borrow, and Eleanor had spoken coldly. It was a bad week. His hunger, which he had held, like a wolf by the ears, by his twopennyworth of food a day, now turned and rent him. His love, which had sustained him before, now raged like a howling wind in his lightened head. He cursed himself, his poverty; he very nearly tore up his epic.

Eleanor was better off, but only to the extent of four meals a day. She cried on Saturday, quarrelled with her friends on Sunday; on Monday she began seven letters, but finished none of them. On Tuesday she determined to speak absolutely frankly to Bernard; on Wednesday she invented and discarded forty-four possible openings.

On Thursday she was in the stores, buying some petits fours. Beside the counter stood the handsomest wedding cake you can possibly imagine: its creamy icing was adorned with Cupids, doves, hearts, and, by the most extraordinary coincidence, by the letters "E" and "B" caught together by a garland.

"Is that cake for sale?" asked Eleanor.

"I will inquire, madam," said the young woman.

"Send it," said Eleanor, when she heard that it was, "at once to Mr. Bernard Parkinson, at 84, Witcher Street. I think it's near the Tottenham Court Road."

"He is sure to mention it," said she to herself. "He'll guess I sent it. Anyway, he'll mention it. And I'll be very brazen. I'll say. . . ."

Bernard's landlady that evening climbed protestingly the last narrow flight of stairs. "A parcel for you, sir," said she. "And heavy!"

The light guttered up in Bernard's eye at the sight of this parcel. "Whatever it is," thought he, "I can sell it for something." He opened it. He saw the cake. He understood.

His lips trembled. "'E—B'!" The "E" was highly decorated, its scrolls and curves well raised in the clear, lovely icing. Bernard, with an awe-stricken finger, broke a little piece off.

Next evening Eleanor waited long at the Verona. At last, with flaming cheeks and brimming eyes, she paid the bill for her solitary, uneaten dinner.

In the Shires, young girls do not read the newspapers with any great attention. She never saw the tiny item about the Bloomsbury Eccentric, found dead after swallowing some pounds of wedding cake.

THE END.

Six Debutantes of 1938

Miss Phyllis Van den Berg

A Canadian debutante who will be presented in May is Phyllis Van den Berg, only child of Major J. H. Van den Berg, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, and Mrs. Van den Berg, of Montreal

Miss Marcia Wallace

Another debutante from Canada who makes her curtsey at a May Court is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Stewart Wallace, of Toronto. Marcia Wallace is spending a year over here, studying in London

Miss Sonia Baines

Sonia Baines is the younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. Talbot Baines, of 61b, Holland Park, W.11, and granddaughter of Cav. Ufficiale R. Allatini, the famous connoisseur of Greek coins. She herself has been studying sculpture in Switzerland; is also a keen ski-er and mountaineer. Her mother is giving a dance for her on June 2nd

Photographs by Pearl Freeman, Cannons of Hollywood, Lenare and Kay Vaughan

Miss Pamela Neathercoat

Pamela Mary Neathercoat is the daughter of Mr. Ernest Neathercoat, of Holbrook Park, Horsham, Sussex. Her two interests are painting and hunting; she goes out regularly with the Crawley and Horsham

Cynthia Ashley Cooper

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Ashley Cooper, of Hexton Manor, Herts, and Portland Place, W.1. A dance is being given for her on July 1st at Hexton Manor. Her father is Governor of the Hudson Bay Company and a Director of the Bank of England

Elizabeth Bromley

Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Arthur Bromley's third daughter is having her coming-out dance on May 18th. Her parents live at 26, Cadogan Square. Admiral Bromley is heir presumptive to his brother Sir Maurice Bromley-Wilson, and has been a Gentleman Usher to the King since 1927

Young Women Who Work (No. 1)

Miss Jean Monro: House Decorator

Jean Monro, who took her holiday in Austria in March and had the bad luck to break her arm, is a twenty-year-old house decorator. In partnership with her mother she did the Paget twins' flat. Her first big job on her own was the Denys Lowsons' modern house, Mrs. Lowson (the Hon. Patricia Macpherson that was) being one of her contemporaries

Miss Jean Norris: Pianist

Jean Norris is a professional pianist, not long out of her teens, whose notices are the envy of mature musicians. She has been playing in Paris this spring and because she played at Princesse Edmond de Polignac's her name is made in France. She is the younger daughter of Mr. O. T. Norris, a former Surrey cricketer, who is a figure in the City of London and a probable Lord Mayor. Hobby—skating

Miss Jeanne Stourton: Hostess

Jeanne Stourton, first-night hostess, has had a dozen different occupations, including being secretary to Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow. Twenty-five this year, she is the youngest of the four attractive daughters of the Hon. Mrs. Herbert Stourton, the others being Mrs. Robert Ducas (on the well of whose Wiltshire swimming-pool Jeanne is depicted as a marmoset with jewellery), Mrs. Frank Belville, and the Marquesa del Moral

Miss A. Skipwith: Housekeeper

Audrey Skipwith, seen drinking cocoa during her annual Swiss holiday, has a job she likes—housekeeper to Robert Rankin, the Member for Kirkdale and the father of her great friend Mrs. Grandy. She is the only daughter of Sir Grey Skipwith by his first marriage, and was presented six years ago. Capable and sociable, her hobby is ski-ing and then more ski-ing

Lady Georgina Hay: Journalist

Lady Georgina Hay is the second of Lord and Lady Tweeddale's three daughters—her job, circulation manageress of a fashion magazine. Efficient, witty and a staunch friend, she is easy to work with, full of ideas. An excellent mimic (Mae West is her best), she knows a good deal about art and a great deal about dogs

Howard Marshall on Sport

Now that Easter is behind us we really do feel that the summer is beginning. In about a fortnight's time, moreover, our lawn-tennis players will embark upon the first round of the Davis Cup against Rumania at Harrogate; and it will be interesting to see what effects last week's trial matches will have had upon our team.

We should be able to beat Rumania easily enough, though it is odd to find ourselves in a position where even the faintest doubt exists. Rumania did once beat Belgium, but that was a long time ago, and they have never produced players of note since Nicolas Mishu went in for politics.

Their outstanding performers this season are H. Hamburger and C. Caralulis, two players of good tournament standard. It would perhaps be as well if the opposition were rather stronger from our point of view, for the form of our possibles is very uncertain. It was a bit of a jolt for the selectors when M. P. Deloford beat C. M. Jones at Paddington a few days ago. And while it reminded us that there is plenty of material outside our selected six players, the general standard of those in the top flight is not exceptionally high.

This will inevitably be a year of trial and experiment. But if we go constructively to work it may be of the utmost value to our lawn-tennis future.

The ladies, in the meanwhile, have been practising extremely hard over a long period, with the Wightman Cup match in view. And we must hope that they will do us credit against the exceedingly strong American opposition.

It is something, at any rate, that we are getting down to the serious business of preparation. If we are to have these strenuous international encounters, we might as well take them seriously. I don't myself greatly care for this intensive view of games, though, as L. G. Crawley remarked to me the other day, if anyone hopes to do well at any branch of modern sport, he must concentrate all his energies and make something of a business of it.

Crawley himself is concentrating to some effect, and he is, I suppose, without question our most formidable amateur golfer to-day. He is, at any rate, a potential winner of the English Close Championship, which begins at Leeds next Monday.

Talking of preparation, the Americans find it rather significant that whereas the United States Golf Association have already selected their Walker Cup players, our own Committee will not make their choice until after the Amateur Championship at Troon.

It is, perhaps, a reasonable argument that English amateurs are not so consistent as their American cousins, and that although an American who is playing well now may be expected to play equally well in a couple of months' time, his English opponent would be better selected on current form.

I fancy this American point of view is rather far-fetched, though the fact remains, explain it how we may, that we have yet to win the Walker Cup match. Possibly the odds are rather heavily against Great Britain. But let us just have some real St. Andrews weather, with wind and possibly rain, and then we shall see how American consistency fares under exacting conditions.

There is still football in the news, despite the advancing summer, for the Cup Final looms ahead, and the increasingly popular seven-a-side tournament at Twickenham on April 30th, which does so much to help the Middlesex Hospital, should draw a large crowd.

The international Soccer match between England and Scotland was in a sense a little disappointing, though the forty thousand Scottish supporters who overwhelmed London were frantically delighted. They had reason to be, for this was the first time in ten years that Scotland had won on English soil.

The match was disappointing because the standard of play fell below its usual high levels. England took a long time to settle down, whereas the Scotsmen found their touch at once and the game was interesting for the comparison in football styles. There was the Scottish ball-control opposed to the English vigour. And some of the spectators from over the Border were infuriated by what they regarded as the unfair vigour of the English charging.

All representative sport, however, seems to lead to controversy nowadays; and they are still arguing about the fight between Len Harvey and Jock McAvoy. Good judges varied in their opinion of the verdict. But all at least are agreed that it was an extremely close fight. And Harvey did exceedingly well, when we consider that his injured left hand let him down in the very first round.

In the meanwhile, the National Sporting Club are embarking upon an ambitious experiment. Mr. John Harding, the Club's manager, is to tour the country in search of talent, talking to managers and promoters and inspecting for himself any promising material in the various cities.

It is quite conceivable, of course, that in small towns here and there boys are fighting who show high promise and yet may never be able to develop it without proper opportunities. The National Sporting Club hope to find potential champions and, working with their trade unions, take them to London and pay them their union rate of wages while they are being coached for a year.

This is a scheme worth watching and we must hope that Mr. Harding has a really successful tour.

The Favourites were Beaten

R. A. A. Holt and J. L. Paul (Harrow) started favourites in the public school rackets championships last week. Holt is a remarkable all-rounder; last year's runner-up in junior Wimbledon, captain of cricket, first string of squash and fives, full-back in the XV.

Old Boys at Deal: Three Pairs of Halford Hewitt Players

E. C. Pemberton and E. C. Millard (Lancing) were two of the Old Boys at Deal; they lost to Rugby's top pair (Martin and Duncan) in the first round

F. A. Simmonds and T. R. Parry were the top pair of the Old Sherburnians, who lost to Old Chigwellians (right) in the first round. Play on the Saturday started at 7 a.m.

Two more of the large entry for the Halford Hewitt Cup were Capt. D. Fish and E. G. Peartree (Old Chigwellians), who played top for their side. They lost to Old Rugbeians in the second round

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Marlborough Wins

THIS year fifty-one schools wished to play in the Halford Hewitt Cup Tournament. Unfortunately, one school forgot to enter, so fifty actually did take part in it. This enormous entry of 500 necessitated play starting at an unpleasantly early hour. On the first two days, play started at 7 a.m. It was apparently—and very rightly—thought that 7 a.m. was too early an hour to expect players who are supposed to get pleasure out of this, as a rule, most enjoyable tournament, to start, so someone with a distorted sense of humour decided that 7 a.m. should be entered on the draw sheet as 8 a.m. by bringing Summer Time into play two days earlier than usual. It was extraordinary that so few mistakes were made, considering that the time at the golf club and in the town and hotels was different by one hour.

On the Friday, my partner and I, who were playing in the position favoured on the field of battle by the Duke of Plaza-Toro, had finished our day's golf and had our "elevenses" before 9.30, and on the Saturday we had completed our first match by 9.15. Although you can, by anticipating Summer Time, call 7 o'clock 8 o'clock, you cannot get away from the fact that 7 o'clock is still 7 o'clock.

IT was decided at a meeting to give this method a trial this year. It has been given a good trial with clear mornings, free from mist or fog, and has most certainly not given satisfaction, so let us hope that it will not be given one more chance. It was certainly unfair to make the same golfers start at 7 a.m. on two consequent mornings. It would have been so easy to have given the early starters on the Friday reasonable starting times on the Saturday, and to have made those who had had good starting times on the Friday start early on the Saturday. If you look at the results you will find that not one of the early starters did any good in the tournament and that most of them petered out in later rounds.

Nothing very exciting happened on the first day, except that Eton and Stowe were taken by surprise and very, very nearly defeated by the Old Leysians and Old Haileyburians respectively.

With the score two-all, Evan Campbell and Whitaker just scrambled the deciding match for Eton on the twenty-first green. George Carter, the ex-captain of Cambridge, and G. Harrisson, Stowe's second pair, after being five down at the turn and still two down on the seventeenth tee, won the next three holes to win the deciding match, and had to hole long putts on the seventeenth and eighteenth greens to do so.

The Saturday afternoon saw the end of the Old Carthusians, who were beaten by the Old Watsonians by three matches to two. Both teams had been up at cock-crow, and started their match—their second match of the day—at noon.

WHEN writing about the final of the Amateur Championship last year I wrote that I was sure that the reason why, in the afternoon, Lionel Munn missed short putts was because he was a tired man. A tired man can go on hitting the long shots but cannot deal with the short ones, and especially the short putts. The Carthusians were obviously a tired side and missed short putts galore. The Watsonians, however, had had, only one hour more sleep and were certainly not a fresh side when they fell to Winchester the next day.

Charterhouse won the first and last matches but lost the three middle matches, in which they were completely out-putted by their opponents.

The Sunday morning saw what looked likely to be, and actually turned out to be two very fine matches—namely, Watsonians versus Winchester, and Marlborough versus Rugby.

When the teams got warmed up Winchester always appeared to have a very slight advantage, and they finally got home by winning the deciding match on the eighteenth green, after Watsons had made a complete mess of the last hole. In this match K. B. Scott and G. Loveday beat the opposing second pair, Eric McRuvie and R. M. McKinna, who had proved themselves the best partnership on their side.

THE Marlborough leaders, J. A. Graham and W. C. I. Boulton, gave their side a great start by slaughtering a pair of well-known golfers in D. H. R. Martin and A. A. Duncan, who led Rugby. Marlborough was five up at the eighth, might easily have been six up, and won pulling up by five and three. With the score two-all, A. P. W. Bowley, who played terribly well the whole way through the tournament, and W. E. Pratten went on and on against J. Hanson Lawson and J. S. Rowell. At the new alternative short fourth hole Marlborough found the green and Rugby did not and had no hope of a half.

Rossall, with a team of great fighters, rather than great golfers, worried their way into the semi-final, where they found Marlborough too strong for them. This was Rossall's best performance at Deal.

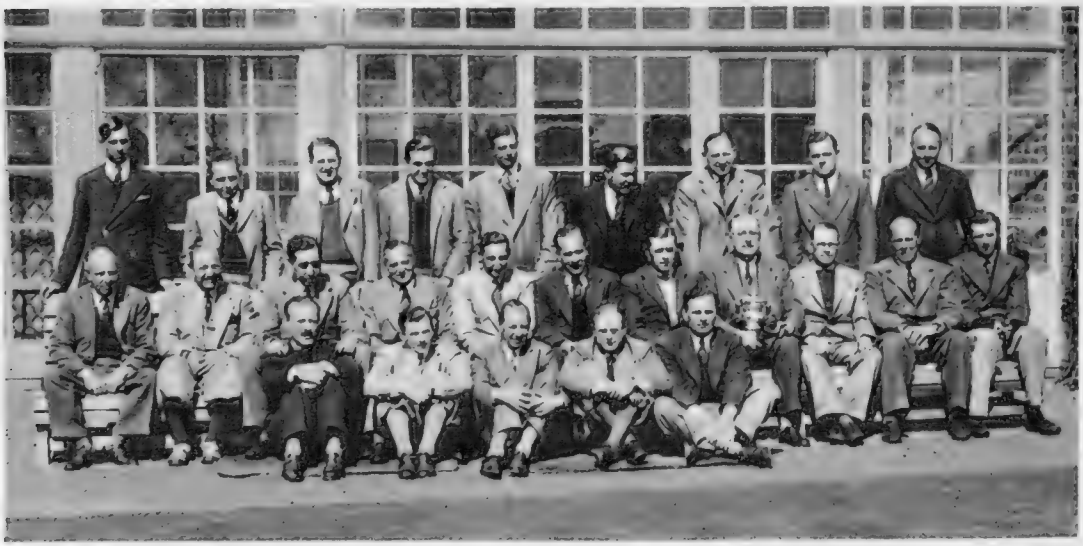
Harrow had a great tussle with Winchester in the other semi-final, in which R. H. Oppenheimer and R. N. Bond won the deciding match on the nineteenth green against J. Walker and W. S. Whitelaw. A fluff with a lofted club at the sixteenth hole, when a straight-faced club could have been used, cost Winchester dearly. It would be interesting to know how many matches have been lost at Deal by players using lofted clubs when they could have used putters or straight-faced clubs.

IN the final Marlborough beat Harrow by three matches to one. The first match, on which the whole result might have hung, was won by Marlborough after a terrific battle, in which the leaders were continually brought back to all square. Harrow won the fifteenth to become one up, only to lose the long sixteenth to a three and after a half at the seventeenth lost the last hole to a four, being short all the way. It was surprising to see C. D. Gray and George Henriques beaten by five and three, as before the final they had played as well as any pair in the tournament.

Except for their very narrow win against Rugby, the Old Marlburians were never in danger, and are the first team which has won without previously being beaten in the final, with the exception of the first winners.

The Halford Hewitt Cup Changes Hands

Marlborough won the Old Boys' tournament at Deal for the first time by beating Harrow in the final, and J. R. Smith, the Old Marlburians' captain, took the cup from Sir Laurie Hammond, with L. G. Crawley of Harrow watching closely in the background



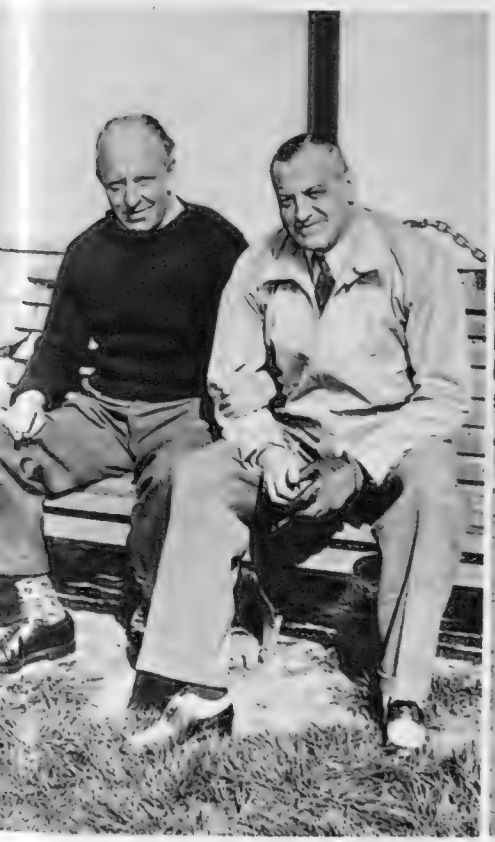
The finalists for the Halford Hewitt Cup were (Marlborough) W. C. I. Boulton, J. A. Graham, J. R. Smith, W. Mole, G. Paton, W. C. Hobbs, A. P. W. Bowley, W. E. Pratten, Capt. P. D. Miller, F. E. B. Moritz; (Harrow) L. G. Crawley, A. A. Walker, C. D. Gray, G. L. Q. Henriques, R. H. Oppenheimer, R. N. Bond, T. F. Blackwell, D. F. Ashton, R. J. Allen, R. W. G. Zair

Six Pairs of Finalists at Deal: Marlborough Beat Harrow

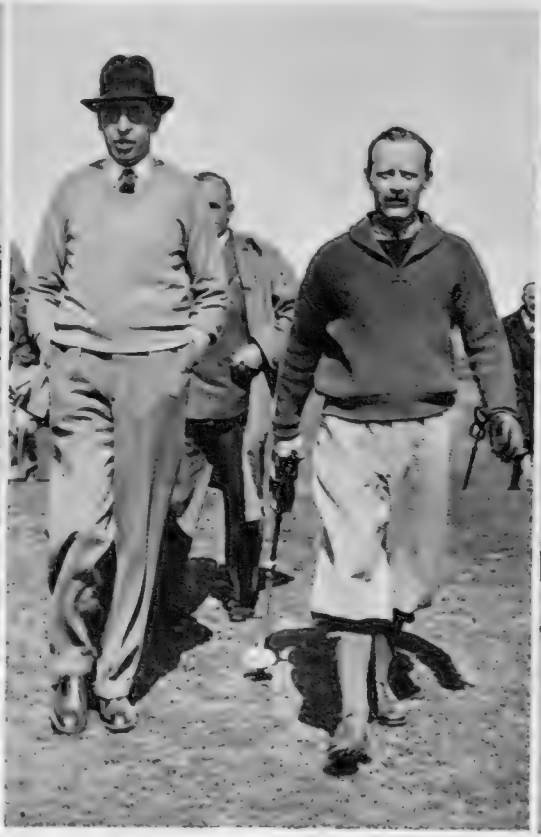
Malburian *W. E. Pratten and A. P. W. Bowley were on unbeatable form on finals day, with dead pitches, smooth putts and constant consequent threes. T. F. Blackwell and D. F. Ashton could do nothing against them, and lost by 8 and 6*

Malburian *J. R. Smith and C. W. Mole were second away in the final, opposed by Gray and Henriques (below, left). They got away after mistakes at early holes to win by 5 and 3*

Malburian *J. A. Graham and W. C. I. Boulton played top against Crawley and Walker (below, centre) in a very exciting ding-dong match. Graham fully justified his addition to the list of Walker Cup possibles in which Crawley was already included*



Harrovian *C. D. Gray and G. L. Q. Henriques were a couple who nearly changed the complexion of the final. Two down to Smith and Mole (above, centre) at the fourth, they missed a chance of catching the Malburians and never saw them again*



Harrovian *top pair A. A. Walker and L. G. Crawley lost to Graham and Boulton (above, right). Holding their men to the last, they lost on the eighteenth green by bad luck in a putt*

Harrovian *R. H. Oppenheimer and R. N. Bond were the only pair on their side to beat their Malburian opponents; these were G. Paton and R. W. C. Hobbs, who were behind throughout to lose by 5 and 3*

The Winners Take Their Cups

Mrs. H. Somerville and Miss D. Green, a Sand Moor couple, won the Northern Foursomes. Mr. Leslie H. Bakes, President of the Yorkshire Golf Union, presented the cups

The Four Yorkshire Finalists

Miss D. Green and Mrs. H. Somerville (23) met a pair from Shipley in the final, Mrs. E. Mitton and Mrs. H. Gaunt (14), and beat them by two holes

"Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes (16th Year)

An All Yorkshire Final at Sand Moor: By Eleanor E. Helme

After all, we had no snow, ice or rain at the Northern Foursomes, only a biting wind. Prophecies and seeding and all the rest of it notwithstanding, a long-handicap pair came through, namely, Mrs. Somerville and Miss Dorothy Green, of the home club, Mrs. Gaunt and Mrs. Mitton making an all-Yorkshire final of it, and no seeded pair so much as got their noses into the prize-list. So it seems that any idea of seeding being a robbery of chances for the weaker couples is well and truly exploded. Granted that the hard ground made the giving of strokes proportionately hard, it seemed to me that the low-handicap couples failed because they themselves did not play down to their handicaps, and that, in particular, some of them omitted to realise the value of the pitch and run, or run up, as opposed to the pitch with (attempted) stop. Nor did they putt courageously enough on the fast greens.

That was where the winners won. Never mind whether the glorious run up of Mrs. Somerville, which ended the final, was intended to travel by the route it took; opinions differed on that matter. The point was that she and her partner did quite often play definite run ups, and their putting was a model of all the virtues.

The same, with a few exceptions in the final, could be said of Mrs. Gaunt and Mrs. Mitton, whilst both pairs fought with a cheerful determination which delighted everybody in the highly excited crowd. Mrs. Somerville, be it noted, was all packed up for a journey to Scotland on Tuesday night; Miss Green had got Tuesday off, and no more, from a job of work. That is apparently the way to win. "Good-bye to Glasgow again!" became a catchword as round after round went by and still Mrs. Somerville rolled in the putts, to stay at Sand Moor victorious.

The Final at the Fourteenth: Mrs. Somerville Playing an Approach

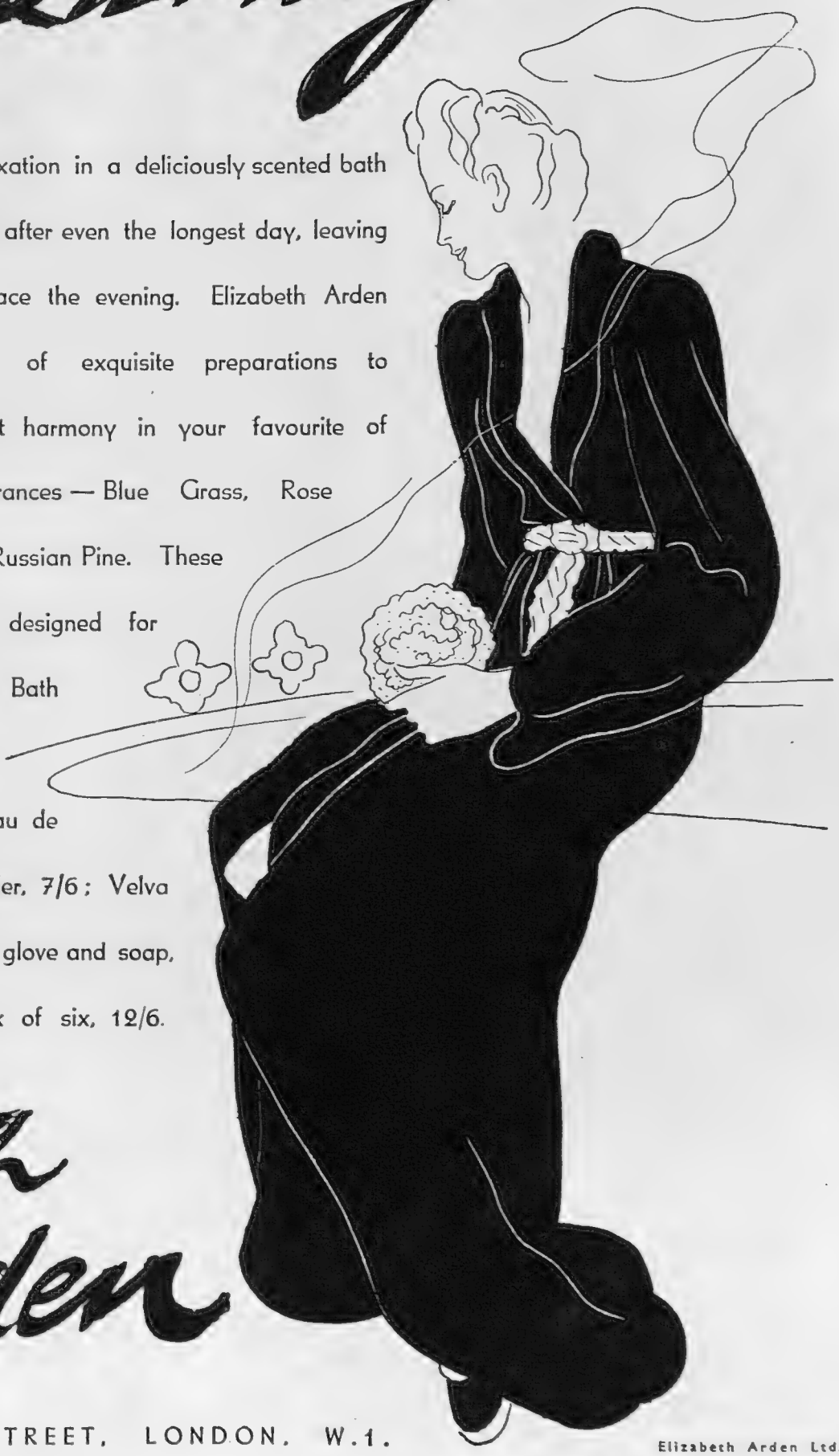
The side began the week by beating that well-known aunt-and-niece pair Mrs. Sproat and Mrs. Snook, on level terms, by 6 and 5; then came a 9 and 7 win, also playing level, from Mrs. Woodcock and Mrs. Lyall, from Prenton, and on the same terms won by 6 and 4 after lunch from Mrs. Belton and Mrs. Wilcock of Oakdale.

Thursday morning they received strokes for the first time, and though there were seven of them, it did not sound more than sufficient, as the opponents were Miss Barbara Lees and Mrs. Toogood, twice winners when the latter was Miss Mary Johnson. As the match went at first, it seemed as if the givers were safe, for Mrs. Toogood was swinging beautifully, and her side was two up. Then the putts began to go wrong. Mrs. Toogood shook herself with one putt at the short fifteenth, where Miss Lees had achieved the feat of pitching up and staying, and there were three putts again at the sixteenth. Mrs. Somerville's side had a little bit of luck—what winners of any big tournament can ever deny having some?—off the wall at the seventeenth; but Mrs. Toogood and Miss Lees can fight, and squared the match at the eighteenth. Not for them the comforts of a warm club-house and immediate lunch; out they went again into the cold north-easter. And that was not so unkind as having to give a stroke at that nineteenth. To rub it in, Miss Green, who might have been forgiven if she had failed even to lay it dead down slope and wind, rolled in a ten-yard putt for the hole and match.

That afternoon, Miss Green and Mrs. Somerville received four strokes, from Miss Winifred Brown, winner of the King's Cup a few years ago, and Mrs. Brooks. It was these who had the lead at first, but Mrs. Somerville's side seemed to like being two down, and once again they won holes when they were most valuable, and home they came—not to Glasgow—by 3 and 2.

(Concluded on page 118)

Relax in Luxury



A half hour's luxurious relaxation in a deliciously scented bath will take away your weariness after even the longest day, leaving you fresh and confident to face the evening. Elizabeth Arden has assembled a variety of exquisite preparations to provide you with a perfect harmony in your favourite of these five appealing fragrances — Blue Grass, Rose Geranium, Jasmin, Ambre or Russian Pine. These preparations are specially designed for use in hard water: Fine Bath Salts, 12/6; Bath Cubes, 3/6; Bath Essence, 6/6; Eau de Toilette, 17/6; Dusting Powder, 7/6; Velva Bath Mits, a combination of glove and soap, ideal for travelling, 3/-, Box of six, 12/6.

Elizabeth Arden

25, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Elizabeth Arden Ltd.

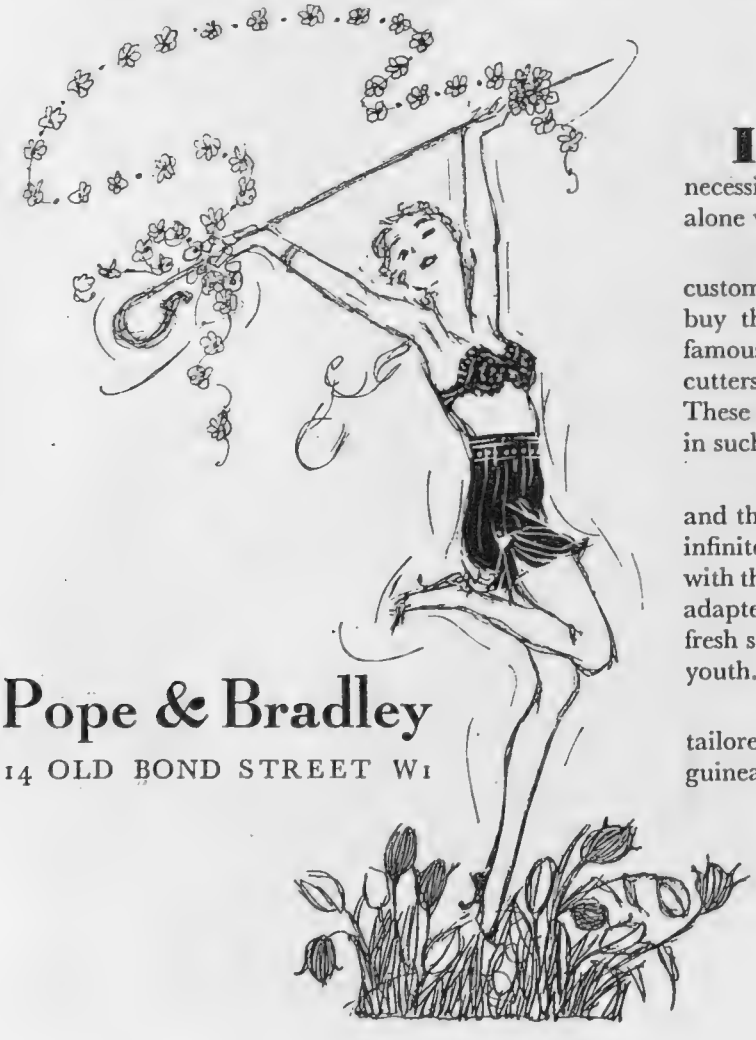
In the Air Over England: By Charles Ward

THE first big flying event of the season takes place on Saturday, May 28th, when Empire Air Day will be celebrated at 100 aerodromes in all parts of the British Isles. As there is to be no R.A.F. Display at Hendon this year, the Service is to stage demonstrations at as many aerodromes as possible. Formations will go on tour for the day, giving aerobatic displays of twenty minutes' duration and proceeding from station to station without landing. Hawker "Hurricanes" flying at 300 miles an hour, Fairey "Battles" and Bristol "Blenheims" at 250, will be able to cover a large part of England without landing for fuel. Some of the older type fighters will be used for individual aerobatics, which are more spectacular when performed by a slower machine having a smaller turning circle. Loops at three or four hundred miles an hour, occupying miles of sky, seem unreal. The speed and noise impress the onlookers, but for sheer thrill, most of them would prefer a Tiger Moth in the hands of a skilled instructor, doing everything inside out and upside down, quite near the ground.

R.A.F. open-air school at Halton Camp, Bucks. Five thousand boys are in training as apprentices. Classes illustrated are for engine-fitters, demonstrating the installation of an engine in the air-frame

AN Air Defence Cadet Corps is to be formed by the Air League, with the approval of the Ministry. Boys between 14 and 18 will be enrolled for immediate service in time of emergency. Training will be given in air-raid precautions, identification of aircraft, weather reporting and simple engineering. There are many duties that an intelligent boy with some training, can perform at an aerodrome, thus releasing skilled R.A.F. personnel for more difficult work. Uniform will be provided of grey, piped with dark blue—free to those who cannot afford to pay and at 3d. a week for others. Opportunities for flying will be given to those boys who are keen and show promise. Sir John Salmond, who is a director of Imperial Airways, was elected chairman of the committee on which Lord Elibank, Sir John Shelley-Rolls and Mr. Simon Marks are also serving. The scheme will be directed by Air Commodore J. A. Chamier, who runs the Air League.

THE railway ban on bookings by independent air lines has received much publicity during recent weeks, and it appears, that with the exception of those services operated by Captain Olley, the ban has been removed. Why Olleys should be left till the last, is a mystery, for no lines are more efficiently conducted, and it can be only a matter of time, aided by the pressure of public opinion, before these also are free. Their service to the Scilly Isles is a blessing for which travellers have been only too willing to pay the air fare. From May 2nd, when summer services on home routes commence, London to the Shetland Islands will be scheduled for a day's journey by Railway Air Services and its associates. Passengers will leave Croydon at 9.30 a.m., changing 'planes at Glasgow and Inverness, arriving over the Islands in the early evening. North Eastern Airways is operating daily via Doncaster and Newcastle to Perth. Also to Le Zoute from Croydon during the summer.



Pope & Bradley

14 OLD BOND STREET W1

IN an era of complete prosperity, there would be no necessity for us to explain why our prices are high. Our style alone would be sufficient reason.

Not having reached that era, it is necessary to remind our customers that in clothes, as in so many other things, it pays to buy the best. The distinctive style for which our clothes are famous is achieved not only by the exceptional skill of our cutters, but by the hand tailoring of our journeymen tailors. These highly paid men are artists, and they mould our material in such a way that the style is indefinitely retained.

The materials are the finest that Huddersfield, Scotland and the West of England can produce, mellow to the touch yet infinitely durable in wear. Every suit is designed to harmonize with the individual requirements of each customer, and our style is adapted to bring out the best in each figure. The corpulent gain fresh slimness, and the middle-aged—if they desire it—an added youth.

And so to pay for the expensive ingredients of these tailored masterpieces we have to charge from eleven to fourteen guineas for lounge suits; dress suits and other clothes in proportion.

BACKGROUND

YOUR REALLY successful man is completely at one with his environment. You cannot picture him in any other house but the one he lives in. In its cloakroom you are sure to find ancient fly-bedecked deerstalkers — in the garage a long, black Wolseley. Perhaps that car is his most characteristic possession — quiet, silent, capable of great reserves of power, generous in everything that makes for the comfort of friends: an intelligently planned car. You have probably thought of buying a Wolseley yourself. Instinct is generally a good guide. You'll feel more at home in a Wolseley and feel too, that it is, somehow, very much part of your home.

WOLSELEY

THE TRUSTWORTHY CAR

Owning a Wolseley is more a question of taste than of money, for Wolseley Cars are not expensive — from £245.

Wolseley Motors Ltd., Ward End, Birmingham, 8. London Distributors: Eustace Watkins Ltd., Berkeley Street, W.1. Sole Exporters: M.I.E. Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, Eng

Better Built — a British Car.

"Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes *(Continued from page 114)*

Their semi-final against Lady Katherine Cairns and Miss D. R. Fowler was in a sense their biggest triumph, for Lady Katherine does hit the ball an immense way, and Miss Fowler has grand experience. The Somerset couple had six strokes to give: seeing that the Yorkshire-ites took the sixteen holes of the match in no more than 76, it is an obvious matchmatical (should be mathematical, but the mis-type is really more descriptive) fact that the strokes could not be given. The ultimate winners did not start too well, three sixes to be exact, and the putts astray, and Lady Katherine was pitching well; but after turning one down, Yorkshire set about it, winning the tenth in four, and holing a long putt on the sixteenth for a birdie three and the match 3 and 2. Somerset could hardly have played much better; for, after all, they had a handicap of 8: their victors were tremendously to be congratulated.

THE progress of the other finalists was more varied. Mrs. Gaunt and Mrs. Mitton came from Shipley, with a joint handicap of 14, and their week opened by giving six strokes to Mrs. Snape and Mrs. Hamilton and beating them 5 and 4—which seemed gross ingratitude to the wife of the member to whose suggestion and invitation it was due that the Foursomes went to Sand Moor. There were six strokes to give in the next round, to Mrs. Thornton and Mrs. Riley, of Headingley, and this time a win only on the last green. Then five to give to the ex-Veteran Champion, Mrs. Jeken, and Mrs. Barrett and a win 3 and 1, followed by the giving of five to some dark horses from Doncaster, Mrs. Wigg and Miss Davies, whom they beat 2 up.

That afternoon, by way of a change, they received strokes, three from Mrs. Rhodes and Miss L. B. Clark, holders of the BYSTANDER Scottish Foursomes. The match did the winners enormous credit, for after collecting a lead of three they had lost all of it by the twelfth, and only got it back in time to win 2 and 1. Their short game was the deciding factor, for Mrs. Rhodes never seemed at ease on the hard greens, whereas Mrs. Mitton ran up well and put the putts close to the hole, inspired by the noble four-yarder with which Mrs. Gaunt had opened the match.

TO defeat favourites is always pleasing, and that, beyond doubt, is what Mrs. Gaunt and Mrs. Mitton did in the semi-final when they beat Miss Joan Hives and Miss Pam Shand 3 and 2. Miss Hives was hitting the ball just as well as anybody at Sand Moor, and with a little more experience ought to go very far in first-class golf, for she has length with the woods, control with the irons, and touch with the short game. If Miss Shand is less brilliant, she is still an excellent partner, and the two have the real foursome gift of trusting each other to do the heroic when need be. But the putting went badly wrong in the semi-final, and they could not hold on to the lead of one they held at the turn. Yorkshire are proverbial for pulling matches out of the fire, and Mrs. Gaunt's side lived up to county tradition.

When York met York it was bound to be a great struggle. Scores may not go for much in match play, but it was remarkably sound going for a couple with a joint handicap of 23 to be round in 88, for Sand Moor par is 74; small wonder that Mrs. Gaunt and Mrs. Mitton, who had to give three strokes, were beaten; the wonder was that the match went to the last green. It began in sparkling fashion, a birdie for Mrs. Somerville's side at the first hole and for Mrs. Gaunt's at the second. Such a standard could not be expected to last, but there were plenty of notable shots, though Mrs. Mitton's did not seem to meet with due reward. She and Mrs. Gaunt were never up: at the sixth they were three down, but a perfect three at the fifteenth and four at the sixteenth squared matters, and they had the satisfaction of only losing the last two holes to a four in each case.

I WISH there were space to do justice to some of the brave fighting of other couples: to tell how Miss Wilson and Mrs. Brown beat a strongly fancied young Scottish couple, Miss Shena Urie and Miss Ann Henderson; how Miss Conlan and Miss Margaret Mitchell had the biggest win of the week, 9 and 8 on level terms; how the Veteran sisters, Mrs. Thomson and Mrs. Riddell, went to the 22nd and survived to the fourth round; how Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Gash went to the nineteenth as well as the twenty-second. Or of the good rounds, the high wind considered, with which Mrs. Stephenson of Sand Moor and Miss Kathleen Merry of Furness tied at 76 net for the National Playing Fields trophy, Mrs. Stephenson taking Mrs. Dunlop Hill's handicap trophy on the last nine holes, and Miss Merry the scratch prize with 80. The N.P.F.A. is the richer by £6 8s. 6d., no mean effort, considering the cold, high wind.

Still more could I fill space with thanks to Sand Moor; to Mr. Snape, who invited us there; to Barnes, a host in himself over everything great and small; to Mr. Leslie Bakes, President of the Yorkshire Union of Golf Clubs, who presented the trophies.

As for all the county champions, old and new, they must go unrecorded. We hope to see a goodly selection of them at Wentworth on May 3rd for BYSTANDER One Day Spring Medal Foursomes. The entry closes April 23rd, and the form is on page viii.

Semi-Finalists

Miss Pam Shand and Miss Joan Hives (Chevin) (9) were beaten 3 and 2 in the semi-finals by the runners-up, Mrs. Gaunt and Mrs. Mitton

The Scottish Foursomes entry form is unavoidably held over until next week.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON APRIL

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

A Third-Round Match

Mrs. H. Bell (Chevin) and Miss D. Spalding (Burton-on-Trent) lost to Miss D. R. Fowler and Lady Katherine Cairns (Burnham and Berrow). The latter couple (handicap 8) were beaten 3 and 2 in the semi-finals by the ultimate winners

Cheshire Beats Scotland

Mrs. G. Brown and Miss M. Wilson from Prenton beat a Scottish couple, Miss Ann Henderson (Troon) and Miss Shena Urie (Turnberry), in the third round. They were knocked out two rounds later by Miss Hives and Miss Shand

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Printed evening dresses are well to the fore this season and will be worn more and more as the summer advances. Designs are bold and daring, often rather scattered and exotic in colouring. The flowers that bloom in the spring are mingled in the dress on the right. It is made in hand-printed crépon, and reminds one of a kaleidoscope in its brilliant colours. The skirt flows in graceful lines, while a flared peplum introduces a charming bustle effect. It costs fourteen and a half guineas, and may be seen in No. 17 department on the second floor at Jay's, Regent Street. Another charming dinner-frock, in an equally vivid print consisting of huge tropical flowers on a black ground, is cut on slimming lines with a flared skirt and puff sleeves. It has a net yoke worked with appliqué flowers, and inlets of tulle in the skirt

Scott Bushe

Heading for Summer

Now that the first freaks of fashion have been shown and discarded, women can sit back with a sigh of relief and enjoy the really charming hats which are being worn. Variety seems to be the keynote, and though there are a few prevailing lines, there is no rule and almost anything is fashionable provided it is becoming. Toques covered in minute flowers and tied under the chin with spotted veiling are shown for afternoon and cocktail wear, side by side with the most absurd little crownless caps consisting of a bandeau in coloured ribbon massed with mixed flowers across the front and possibly a tuft of veiling at the back. Another idea is to wear a white feather hat in the shape of a sitting hen, but this takes a certain amount of courage, even though the wearer would undoubtedly be the belle of the party

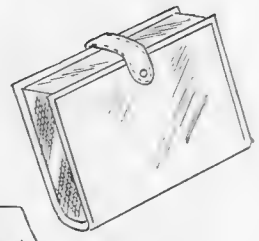
Scott Bushe

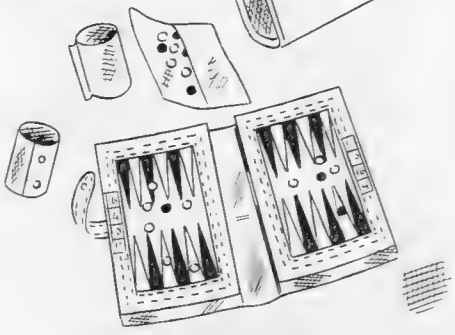
Crownless hats with classical brims are among the high-lights this season. They are delightfully cool to wear and very becoming on a gold or copper head. One model in dark blue straw follows the lines of a Breton sailor but without the crown, and is trimmed with shocking pink ribbons. Another in black straw has a wide brim turned up flat against the back of the head, and three pink roses over the front of the brim which juts forward. Appliqué felt flowers are introduced on hats which turn up in sweeping lines off the face like the model above from Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly. This is in fine baku straw with a felt motif at one side. Though so simple, it has beautifully balanced lines and would look strikingly smart with a rather severe printed silk frock

Colours are as important in hats as they are in clothes, and it is quite usual to see as many as four different shades on one hat. This can prove very effective carried out in petersham on black straw. One such model shown at a recent collection had a forward sweep and four shades of ribbon filling in the crown on the left side, while a ribbon chou on the brim picked up the same colours. Another way of introducing contrast is to have a dark crown and a light brim, or vice versa. This can be done in flowers and straw, with white narcissi covering the crown of a violet blue hat. A brilliant note is struck by the hat on the left from Swan and Edgar. It is in shiny black straw with a moiré crown massed with huge tropical flowers, and a net chignon across the back

THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of Novelties

Every motorist should possess one of the new "Where to go?" handkerchiefs from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. They are made in two sizes, for men or women, and are inscribed with a map of all the well-known road-houses within a thirty-mile radius of London. Those for men are 4s. 11d. in pure silk, and the smaller chiffon ones for women are 2s. 11d.



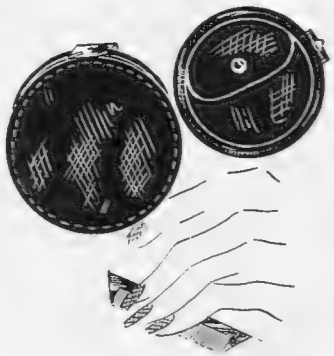


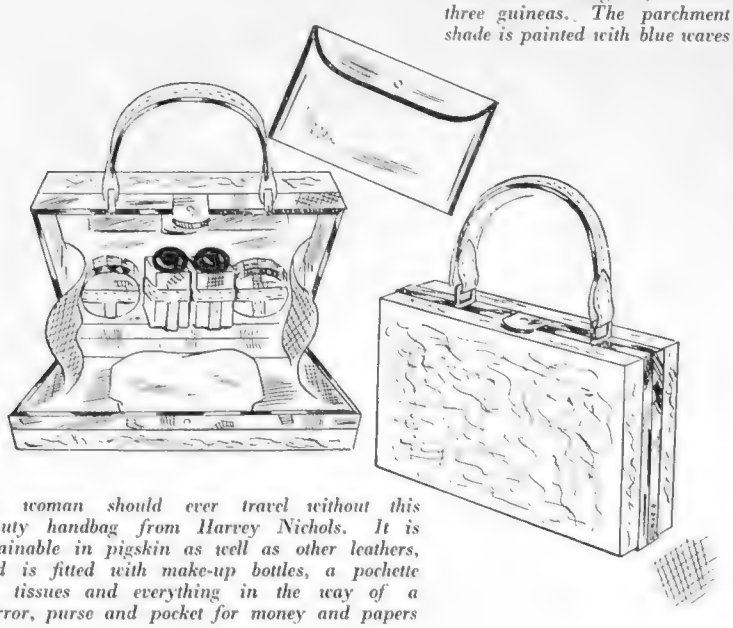
A game of backgammon is an excellent way of passing the long hours of a train journey, and Mudie's, 115, New Bond Street, have designed this special travelling-board in a pigskin case for 35s. It shuts up like a book and contains everything necessary for playing. The counters are magnetized and therefore will not slip about

This miniature bookcase is fitted with several useful leather-bound volumes containing rubber bands, paper-clips and all the little things essential to a writing-desk. It is available in two sizes at 12s. 6d. and 17s. 6d. from Mudie's

Watches continue to be a source of inspiration, and here are two from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. Polished chrome makes the fob watch on the left, with a detachable paste clip, while coloured leather is used for covering the other button-shaped one. This is fastened by a clip and costs 65s., in various colours

This dimple whisky bottle has been converted into a reading-lamp, and contains a perfect model of a four-masted schooner. It comes from the new china and glass shop at Marshall and Snelgrove, and costs three guineas. The parchment shade is painted with blue waves





No woman should ever travel without this beauty handbag from Harvey Nichols. It is obtainable in pigskin as well as other leathers, and is fitted with make-up bottles, a pochette for tissues and everything in the way of a mirror, purse and pocket for money and papers

This vanity case in Russian calf is an ideal companion when playing golf or striding the countryside, as it is so easily carried. It costs a guinea and consists of a round hand-mirror with a comb and a small purse for powder. There is also an outer case which would take a handkerchief or money, and it comes from Harvey Nichols

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

THE Cork International Car Race Meeting takes place over next week-end, and provides a striking example of what money can do! Lured by prize-money which would arouse the cupidity of anyone, a first-rate entry has been secured. This prize-fund amounts to no less than £2700, divided between the three races forming the meeting, the principal race of which is the Cork Grand Prix, which takes place on Saturday, the winner of which will receive various trophies and £1000 cash. The money has been put up by Mr. Joseph McGrath, managing director of the Irish Hospitals Trust, and the result only goes to show that in motor-racing, as in anything else in life, "you must speculate to accumulate."

Entries for this race, which will be one of the fastest of the year, include Nuvolari and Farina at the wheel of the new Alfa-Corse Alfa-Romeos, while other Alfa-Romeo cars will be in the hands of Hans Ruesch, Flt.-Lieut. C. S. Staniland, A. F. Ashby, Kenneth D. Evans, Mrs. Jill Thomas and J. F. Snow. "B. Bira" will drive his very fast Maserati, while H. Berg of Germany will be similarly mounted. The Ecurie Bleue Delahayes will be driven by Comotti, winner of last year's Tourist Trophy Race at Donington, Dreyfus and Schell, and J. Paul and L. Gerrard will also represent France in Delahaye cars. Unfortunately, the new E.R.A. cars in which Dobson and Mays were to have kept up England's end cannot be completed for this race, and it is announced that Wimille will be another absentee because his new Bugatti cannot be got ready in time. I heard yesterday that there is a doubt whether or not the Alfa-Romeo entered by E. M. Thomas for his wife to drive will start, so what

(Concluded on page vi)

Come to Earth *after their record-breaking flight, Flying-Officer Clouston and Mr. Victor Ricketts have invested in Wolseley cars, the former in a 25-h.p. coupé, the latter in an 18/80-h.p. saloon. Here they and their wives are seen with Mr. Eustace Watkins, the Wolseley distributor, Mr. R. Watkins and Mr. Kemp, the cars and the "Comet"*

Henry Heath Ltd
105/9 Oxford Street
172 New Bond St. W.1. 456 Strand W.C.2

Model 9312. Fur felt Sports hat. In all fashionable colours. Price 21/9. Agencies everywhere.

A WINE OUR FOREFATHERS HONOURED

What Nelson said in 1800...

. . . . . when he discovered Marsala Wine at Sicily, following the Battle of the Nile, is just as true today. "*Marsala Wines are so exquisite,*" he remarked, "*that any gentleman may admit them to his table.*"

Fragrant in bouquet and delicate in flavour, this brilliant amber wine is really enjoyable—and economical. A bottle once opened will keep in perfect condition even if left for several weeks.

ASK YOUR WINE MERCHANT FOR A COPY OF THE MARSALA BOOKLET

MARSALA IS A CHOICE WINE FROM THE ISLAND OF SICILY, DRY, SWEET OR DARK BROWN.

From all Wine Merchants and Stores.

MARSALA

Every genuine bottle of Marsala sold in Britain is shipped by FLORIO: INGHAM-WHITAKER or WOODHOUSE

SAFETY MG FAST!

CECIL KIMBER TALKS ABOUT 'RELATIVITY'

A curious thing this relativity when applied to Motor Cars.

The public will accept without blinking enormous price differences in the 25–30 h.p. classes. But when you come down to the 10 h.p. and 12 h.p. sizes it's a different story!

If our 1½-litre M.G. were priced in comparison with other 12 h.p. cars as the "best car in the world" is priced in comparison with other big cars, then its price would be about £750. Instead of which you pay only £330. It is curious, isn't it?

Cecil Kimber

MANAGING DIRECTOR OF M.G. CARS

M.G. Midget Series T £222 • M.G. 1½-Litre from £280 • M.G. Two-Litre from £389 • Prices ex works. Dunlop, Triplex

"BRITISH CARS ARE BETTER BUILT—BRITISH CARS LAST LONGER"

THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LIMITED · ABINGDON-ON-THAMES · BERKSHIRE · SOLE EXPORTERS—M.I.E. LIMITED · COWLEY · OXFORD · ENGLAND

Motoring Commentary *(Continued from page iv)*

the field will look like ultimately is a little conjectural.

To turn to rather more gentle motoring sport, the R.A.C. Blackpool Rally starts on Tuesday next, finishing at the "famous Sea-side Place" (vide Sam Ramsbottom!) on the following Thursday, with eliminating tests for the competitors immediately upon their arrival, and again on the Friday; and the Concours d'Elegance on Saturday. This year's entry numbers 256—forty-four up on last year—and in this total, forty-eight different makes of car are included. Thirty-three of these makes are British cars, the other fifteen makes including cars from Germany, France, Italy and the United States of America. Of the total, 147 of the cars entered are closed models, the remaining 109 being open tourers. The group for cars of over 15 h.p. is the largest, with 111 entries; while there are 97 in the over 10-h.p. and under 15-h.p. group; and 48 in that for cars up to 10 h.p.

As usual, London has proved to be the most popular starting-point, and 81 competitors will begin their 1000 miles of road section from the Metropolis. Harrogate and Leamington tie for second place in popularity with 67 competitors apiece, while 25 will start from Torquay and 16 from Glasgow. For the Coachwork Competition on the Saturday, 114 entries have been received, of which 28 are open cars, 11 are two-door saloons, 56 four-door saloons and 19 drop-head coupés. My own car for the Rally is a very smart 1½-litre M.G. saloon, and from a purely personal point of view the whole proceedings will be greatly enlivened by the necessity to fit in a number of B.B.C. broadcasts during the running of it.

The R.A.C. should be very well satisfied with the support which has been accorded

The "Sketch" Cup

This trophy is presented by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., for the best four-door saloon, irrespective of price, in the R.A.C. Blackpool Rally. This takes place on April 26th-30th and is discussed by Mr. Hess this week

their Rally this year, both in quantity and in quality, for by the time entries had closed the motoring community had not really emerged from its recent hectic war-scare. Team entries show the amount of enthusiasm which has been accorded this event, sixteen teams having been nominated to compete for the Manufacturers' Team Prize, presented by Viscount Wakefield; and no fewer than twenty-eight teams for the R.A.C.'s Club Team Prize. If only the marvellous weather current at the time of writing can be persuaded to stay with us over the Rally week (in marked contrast to last year, when snow and ice were the order of the days—and nights), "a good time will be had by all!"

An interesting news-item reaches me from America, to the effect that Hans Stuck, who was to have driven a front-drive Miller-engined American car at Indianapolis and in picked European races this season, has renounced this idea and is returning to Germany from the States at once. This is thought to mean that Stuck will drive only German cars from now on, and that he may sign up again with the Auto-Union camp, whose talent was so sadly depleted by the loss of Bernd Rosemeyer.

When the King visited the Daimler factory recently, and rode in the car made in 1899 for King Edward VII., interest was focussed anew upon this 6-h.p. vehicle, the first of all royal cars. I am told that America would very much like to buy this car, but the Daimler Company refuse to sell, although they have been offered as much as £2000 for it. An official of the company, when questioned about this offer, said that the directors feel that the value of the car cannot be assessed in money.

I have a sufficiently strong sentimental streak in my composition to appreciate and applaud this point of view. And in terms of hard cash, it must surely be obvious that if this unique car is worth £2000 in America, it must be worth many times that sum in this, the country of its origin

ROLLS-ROYCE

THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

25/30 H.P.

"Once again I have to report that the perfect car has again been perfected. The latest example is definitely better than that of twelve months ago. I have tried hard to discover where the difference arises. Outwardly the two chassis are identical but the new one is definitely an advance on the old . . . . . this lasting quality is perhaps the most outstanding of a Rolls-Royce chassis . . . and I doubt if there is any other car in the world which can compare with this British product in this respect."—*Sphere 26th March 1938*

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED 14-15 CONDUIT STREET LONDON W1 TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 6201

Help yourself . . and please yourself

"Help yourself to Cigarettes." As a business woman and hostess I know that invitation to be a most useful conversational opening . . . . . particularly if the Cigarettes are Player's, because "all the world and his wife" seem to prefer Player's, either "Medium" or "Mild." So I always offer a box of each with the injunction "Help yourself and please yourself" knowing for certain they will.

BOTH BLENDS ARE CORK-TIPPED OR PLAIN 10 FOR 6D 20 FOR 11½D

Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD

N.C.C. 420 N

Scott-Bushe

Modern Aids to Beauty

Accent on Youth

A LOVELY skin is the prerogative of youth and should be cherished with every care. Like the petals of a rose, it is extraordinarily delicate and will very soon wither if it is starved or neglected. A simple home course for preserving a youthful complexion has been evolved by Helena Rubinstein, the well-known beauty specialist at 24, Grafton Street, Bond Street. It is called the Three-Step Beauty treatment, and includes some of her best-known creams, Cleansing and Massage, Perfection Cream, and Town and Country Foundation, packed in a tower-shaped box costing nine and sixpence. At night the face and neck should be washed with Cleansing Cream to rid the pores of any dirt or impurities and then massaged with Perfection Cream. The latter contains nourishing herbal juices and other beautifying ingredients which stimulate and vitalise the tissues. With a young face it guards against lines and helps to preserve that transparent bloom which is always so lovely, while the older woman will find this cream prevents her contours from sagging. Blemishes such as spots or skin irritation are very common at this time of year, and may be due to poor blood or too much toxic acid. They should be treated with Helena Rubinstein's Acne Cream, a medicated preparation which is wonderfully effective and is obtainable from three shillings.

For the Good of Your Skin

PREVENTION is better than cure, and every woman should start caring for her skin from the time she leaves school, so that lines, wrinkles, blackheads and other blemishes can be kept at bay. In addition to the home treatment described above, she should give herself a mask at least once a week as well as a salon treatment. Helena Rubinstein's Open Pore Mask, costing five and sixpence, is a perfect spring tonic, as it stimulates the blood-stream and clears away all traces of sallowness. In the case of a relaxed, oily skin it is particularly effective in closing open pores and removing obstinate blackheads. The picture on the left shows a girl applying the final touches of her evening make-up. Before powdering she spreads a thin film of Town and Country Foundation Cream to give her skin a velvety finish. Her eyes have sparkle and glitter, as the lids are lightly tinged with two shades of eye shadow, blue and silver. A touch of Red Velvet rouge and lipstick gives her cheeks and lips a youthful radiance, while mascara accentuates her long, curling lashes. In the morning she uses the same shade of powder, Peaches and Cream, but otherwise effects a more natural make-up. Her rouge and lipstick are in a vivid shade of Red Coral, or the new Rose-Pink, both of which blend with all the new spring colours.

The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (1938)

At Wentworth

The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (14th year), at Wentworth, will be played, by kind invitation of the Club, on the East and Centre Courses, on Tuesday, May 3rd, 1938.

Holders: MISS KATHLEEN GARNHAM and MRS. A. H. GILLIGAN.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps limited to 30; play under half combined handicaps. Entries from couples over the handicap limit will *not* be accepted. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the BYSTANDER reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps.

Entries, to be made on the accompanying form, limited to 100 couples. Entries beyond that limit will be placed on a waiting list to fill any vacancies that may arise.

Competitors may choose their own partners and opponents, and in the event of their original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts if they will kindly notify Miss Helme in writing, giving full particulars of the new partner.

Competitors may request a starting time, these being allotted in order of request, but not before 9 or after 11.15. Competitors will start their second round approximately three-and-a-half hours later than their first round. Play will be over thirty-six holes, eighteen holes on the East Course and eighteen on the Centre Course, and it will be decided by a draw which couples shall play on which course in the morning.

Entries close on Friday, April 22nd, or earlier if the limit of 100 couples is reached before that date. Starting times will be posted to each competitor on April 25th.

The Directors of the BYSTANDER reserve the right to add to or alter these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor will be final on all points.

PRIZES

Challenge Trophies and Replicas for the best scratch aggregate of thirty-six holes. Prizes for the best scratch return on the East Course. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Centre Course. Prizes for the best handicap aggregate of thirty-six holes. Prizes for the best handicap return on the East Course and on the Centre Course.

Ties for the aggregate will be decided by the scores returned by the tying couples over the East Course; ties for the eighteen-hole prizes by the last nine holes of the tying cards.

Exclusive of any sweeps that may be arranged, the winners of the Challenge Trophies cannot take any other prizes, nor may any pair take more than one prize. **No card taken out in the second round can compete for an eighteen-hole prize unless the pair returning it have completed and returned their first-round card.**

The Entry Form is on the left.

WENTWORTH — NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, April 22nd, 1938.

The "BYSTANDER" One-Day SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES, 36 holes (14th Year)

To be played at Wentworth, Tuesday, May 3rd, 1938.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No*.....

To play in the above Foursomes at Wentworth, with

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No*.....

Our opponents will be

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... and *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

who will send in their own entry. OR, please fix us up with opponents.

If that time is not already taken, we should like to start the first round at.....*or if there is no free time within fifteen minutes of that we should like an earlier/later one, if possible at about*.....

(No starting time can be allotted before 9 or after 11.15 for the first round. Competitors will start their second round approximately 3½ hours later than their first round.)

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS & SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1938. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

Gorringes for BLOUSES

"Kelsia" 35/9

"Kassala" 65/9

"Kandy" 49/6

"Kelsia." FANCY CLOQUE BLOUSE *for Afternoon or Evening. Ivory, Flesh Pink or Saxe Blue. S.W. and W. fittings. O.S. Fittings, 39/6* **35/9**

"Kandy." Flattering BLOUSE *of good quality, light-weight* JERSEY FABRIC. *In Saxe, Maize or Navy. W. fittings only.* **49/6**

"Kassala." Smart COCKTAIL BLOUSE *in Multi striped* CRÊPE *on Black ground.* **65/9**

FREDERICK GORRINGE, LTD.,
BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, S.W.1

Two minutes from Victoria Station
Phone: VICtoria 6666 (24 lines)

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Bassano

Betty Anderson

Is the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. J. D. Anderson, of Cramalt, Atholl Estate, Johannesburg, and is engaged to Sub-Lieut. Morice Grant Macleod, R.N., son of K. G. Macleod, of Cockburn Hill, Balerno, Midlothian

Bassano

Gwen Mary Patience Low

Is the only daughter of Colonel Stuart Low and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Shelley, of 12, Priory Grove, S.W.10, and granddaughter of Lord Atkin. Her fiancé is Henry Lewis Whitworth-Jones, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Whitworth-Jones, of Hill House, Fleet, Hants.

Lenare

Lorna Bristowe

Lorna Wedekind Bristowe, of 9, Sussex Gardens, W.2, is the elder twin daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Bristowe. She has announced her engagement to Eric Percival Hebblethwaite, elder son of H. P. Hebblethwaite and Mrs. K. Hebblethwaite, of the Beacon, Fleet, Hants.

Vandyk

Dorothy Jane Greer

Is engaged to James Ian Paton, eldest son of the late James Paton, of Lethangie, Kinross, and Mrs. Paton. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. A. Greer, of Boveedy, Whitecraigs, Renfrewshire, and a niece of Lord Justice Greer

Hay Wrightson

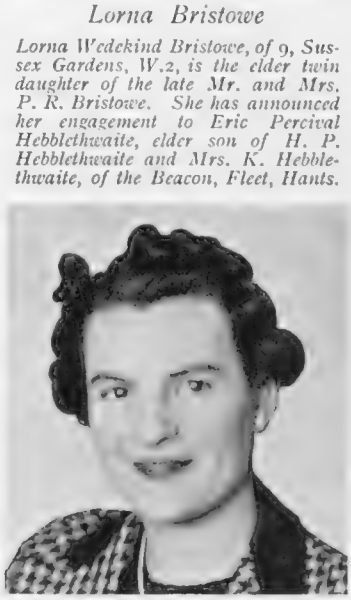
Elizabeth Sibbald Scott

Elizabeth Catherine Sibbald Scott is the daughter of Sir Francis Sibbald Scott, Bt., and Lady Scott, of Harrietsham, Kent. Her fiancé is Lieut.-Commander Charles Collett, R.N., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Collett, of Woodhill, Crowthorne, Berks.

Kay Vaughan

Yvonne Kenny

Is the only daughter of Lt.-Col. D. E. C. Kenny and Mrs. H. L. Kenny, of 1, Cromwell Place, S.W.7, and is engaged to Lieut. Dermod Moriarty, R.N., younger son of the late Lt.-Col. Moriarty, Royal Irish Regiment, and Mrs. Moriarty, of Maer, Bude, Cornwall



Scottish Pictorial Press

Jenipher Helen Dryburgh

Jenipher Helen Ged Dryburgh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Ged Dryburgh, of Douglas Gardens, Edinburgh, is to marry Dr. Ronald Malcolm Murray-Lyon, youngest son of Dr. and Mrs. Murray-Lyon, also of Douglas Gardens, Edinburgh

Lenare

Maribel Rough

Is engaged to Henry Alexander, the Cameronians, elder son of Major-Gen. H. L. Alexander, of Aldermoor, Beaulieu, Hants., and Mrs. Alexander, of High Barn, Limington, Somerset. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Sedgwick Rough, of the Hill, Hare Hatch, Twyford

Bassano

Ismay Nangle

Is the eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. Hugh Nangle, of 22, Onslow Square, S.W.7, and is to marry Andrew Kerr, only son of Captain and Mrs. Mark Kerr, of Carpenters, Norton-sub-Hamdon, Somerset

Vandyk

Rosemary Ruth McNeile

Is engaged to John Magnus Peterson, of Eton College, Windsor, son of the Rev. and Mrs. M. F. Peterson, of the Old Well Cottage, Forest Row. She is the daughter of the late A. McNeile and Mrs. McNeile, of 14, St. John's Wood Park, N.W.8

Bassano

Frances Clark

Is the elder daughter of Sir William Clark, British High Commissioner in South Africa, and Lady Clark. She will be married during the summer to Maurice Hamilton Fyfe, of Ottawa, Canada, son of the Principal of Aberdeen University, and Mrs. W. H. Fyfe

Lenare

Mary Cecilia Tangye

Has announced her engagement to Rudolf Kynoch Clark, the Official Receiver of Birmingham. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Tangye, of Walton House, Clent, Worcestershire

Lawson — Thompson

James Lorn Lawson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lorn Lawson, of The Mount, Kilmarnock, Scotland, and Nyria Joy Thompson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hepworth Thompson, of Fair Winds, Englefield Green, Surrey, were married at All Souls', Langham Place

St. Clair-Thompson — Spender

It was a Dorset wedding at Studland between Guy Warren St. Clair-Thompson, Colonial Forestry Service, son of the late Stephen Thompson and Mrs. Thompson, of 52, Upperton Gardens, Eastbourne, and Katharine Honor Spender, daughter of the late Arthur Spender and Mrs. Spender, of Holmwood, Swanage

Barnes — Harrison

At All Souls', Langham Place, John Harold Abbott Barnes, eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. H. A. Barnes, of Bleak Wood, Walderslade, Chatham, married Monica Harrison, only daughter of the late J. M. Harrison and Mrs. Harrison, of Highlands, Whiteshill, Stroud, Glos.

Streatfeild — Orlebar

Eric Michael Streatfeild, son of the late Sidney Streatfeild and Mrs. Streatfeild, of 8, Cheyne Court, S.W.3, and Diana Mary Orlebar, youngest daughter of the Rev. E. Y. and Mrs. Orlebar, of Crawley Park, Bletchely, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Howorth — Bell

Henry Gibson Howorth and Elizabeth Shirley Montague Bell were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. He is the elder son of Colonel and Mrs. H. G. Howorth, of Forest Hill, Bideford, Devon; she is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Montague Bell, of Woodfall, Manor Lane, Gerrard's Cross

Hamilton — Turner

Lt. John Graham Hamilton, R.N., younger son of Col. and Mrs. F. G. Hamilton, of Heath Lodge, Fleet, Hants., married Dorothy Turner at St. Michael's, Sandhurst. She is the younger daughter of Col. and Mrs. J. E. Turner, of Sandhurst

Donald — Russell

Dr. Hugh Paterson Donald, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Donald, of Christchurch, New Zealand, married Jean Galloway Russell at St. George's, Charlotte Square, Edinburgh. She is the second daughter of the Hon. Lord and Lady Russell, of 16, Moray Place, Edinburgh

Finch-Noyes — Rankine

Lt. Edward Finch-Noyes, R.N., son of Col. C. R. Finch-Noyes, D.S.O., of Tudor Court, Hanworth, Middlesex, and the late Hon. Mrs. Rankine, married Catherine Honor Rankine, at All Souls', Langham Place. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Rankine, of 16, Belgrave Crescent, Edinburgh

Rawlings — Lindsay

George Shirley Rawlings, Malayan Civil Service, elder son of the late Rev. G. W. Rawlings, of Osaka, Japan, and Mrs. Rawlings, of 72, Westbourne Terrace W.2, and Margaret Elspeth Lindsay, daughter of the late Hon. Walter Lindsay and the late Mrs. Lindsay, were married at the Caxton Hall register office

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

April 20—April 26

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs. Sat., 2.30.

CORIOLANUS.—Laurence Olivier and Sybil Thorndike play the leads: Old Vic, 8 (not Mon.). Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

DODSWORTH.—Sinclair Lewis's book is transposed to the stage without enough skill but is skilfully acted by Gladys Cooper as the unpleasant Fran and Philip Merivale as Sam: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—A powerful and topical play about individuals who get caught in the war machine; Raymond Massey, Tamara Geva, with excellent support: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE ISLAND.—Officers under fire from wives' tongue find it a strain to be always gentlemen; excellent background for a strong man by Godfrey Tearle; and other good portrayals: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

POWER AND GLORY.—Oscar Homolka doubles parts effectively in a play about war whose theme is more powerful than the plot: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Fri., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers *v.* married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOSS OF A COIN.—Marion Lorne just as good as ever, in a plot and setting not up to Hackett standard: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse (not Mon.), 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ZEAL OF THY HOUSE.—A drama of spiritual significance in rhythmical prose and verse with full-blooded performances by Harcourt Williams, Marie Ney Alan Napier: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—The colourful musical long-runner, with Muriel Angelus and Clifford Mollison, is back at its first home: Adelphi, 6.20 and 9.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson and his faithful Gaiety company are above their own high standard in this riotous musical: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LONDON RHAPSODY.—The Crazy Gang is up to its old tricks in a number of rhapsodic or otherwise scenes: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits, and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

OPERETTE.—Noel Coward's newest has good music, lovely scenery, brilliant acting by Peggy Wood, Fritzi Massary, Irene Vanbrugh and Griffith Jones, but not such a hot plot: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30

REVUDEVILLE No. 103.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

WILD OATS.—Douglas Furber's newest is about how Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe, and Vera Pearce win some money from a pool: Princes, 8.30.

Mirth and Mystery

DEATH ON THE TABLE.—Hartley Power is ruthless as a gangster whose death on the table makes the plot; plenty of laughs and thrills: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Rex Harrison and Gertrude Musgrove in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noel Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat. 2.30

Josephine Houston

The American musical star has made a good impression in Firth Shephard's "Wild Oats," which opened at the Princes last week

GHOST FOR SALE.—Ronald Jeans' comedy is about a haunted house, with more laughs than thrills, and A. E. Matthews: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy with Patrick Curwan, J. H. Roberts, John Ford: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

I KILLED THE COUNT.—A new mixture of thriller and love-story, with a large, good cast: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PLAN FOR A HOSTESS.—Yvonne Arnaud is the hostess with Ronald Squire as husband and Jacqueline Squire as daughter; pretty wit and slick twisting plot: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

POISON PEN.—Margaret Yarde and Walter Fitzgerald have good parts in this semi-psychological play of village life: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

ELIZABETH LA FEMME SANS HOMME.—André Josset's historical play: Haymarket, to-night, 20th.

MASQUE OF KINGS.—Jill Furse and Eric Portman in Maxwell Anderson's play of the Mayerling story: Gate, to-night, 20th.

APRIL CLOUDS.—Royalty, to-night, 20th.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.—The Gielgud company's last presentation of the season: Queen's, Thurs., 21st.

COUNTESS MARITZA.—A Hungarian romance, with Lucie Mannheim in the lead: Palace, Tues., 26th.

CINEMAS

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE (American).—Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert—what a team!—in a high-life romance: Plaza.

THE DRUM (British).—Something about this film is very attractive, whether Sabu, Raymond Massey, Valerie Hobson, fine technicolour shots of North-West Frontier country or an exciting tale, we can't say: Odeon.

EXTASE (Czechoslovakian).—The only copy of this remarkable film in existence, a slow but striking exposition of the birth, life, and death of a passion: Rialto.

THE HURRICANE (American).—Jon Hall and Dorothy Lamour in an exciting South Seas spectacle: Marble Arch Pavilion.

I ACCUSE (French).—Not a genteel film, featuring war-injured, but a strong indictment against war and its makers: Curzon.

I'LL TAKE ROMANCE (American).—Grace Moore's newest musical vehicle: Regal.

IN OLD CHICAGO (American).—The great fire of 1871 magnificently caps the family story in this spectacular film: Tivoli.

JEZEBEL (American).—Bette Davis in this: Carlton.

MAD ABOUT MUSIC (American).—Herbert Marshall lends tone to Deanna Durbin's newest musical, as charming as the others: Leicester Square.

OYSTER PARADE (German).—Herman Thimig, Gusti Wolf in a film operetta with the Berlin State Opera orchestra: Berkeley.

LE ROI S'AMUSE (French).—A piquant satire on monarchy and love and other things, with Victor Francen Gaby Morlay, Elvire Popesco, Raimu: Academy.

SAILING ALONG (British).—Roland Young and Barry Mackay and Alistair Sim and Athene Seyler support Jessie Matthews in her new musical: Gaumont.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Disney's full-length cartoon is packed with good things, as the saying is: New Gallery.

LA TENDRE ENNEMIE (French).—A sweet, sad tale, not unlike *Un Carnet de Bal*, about young love and the ghosts of old love: Studio One.

WIDE OPEN SPACES (American).—Joe E. Brown's film is supported by Jack Holt in *Under Suspicion*: London Pavilion.

A YANK AT OXFORD (British).—Robert Taylor in the name-part, Griffith Jones, Vivien Leigh, Maureen O'Sullivan, Edmund Gwenn in a witty and hearty film of varsity life: Empire.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

FALSTAFF.—Wed., 20th, 8.

GISELLE, LE ROI NU.—Thurs., 21st, 8.30.

FAUST, with Ballet.—Fri., 22nd, 8.

LE LAC DES CYGNES Act II., LES PATINEURS, PROMETHEUS.—Sat., 23rd, 2.30.

FALSTAFF.—Sat., 23rd, 8.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS, HOROSCOPE, AURORA pas de deux, CARNAVAL.—Tues., 26th, 8.30.

MUSIC

JOSEF HOFMAN.—His golden jubilee recital with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under Boult is in aid of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund: Queen's Hall, Mon., 25th, 8.15.

CELEBRITY CONCERT.—Lily Pons, John Brownlee and John Amadio (flute) appear in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital: Queen's Hall, Tues., 26th, 8.30.

SPORT

HARD COURT CHAMPIONSHIPS.—Bournemouth, Sat., 23rd (seven days).

THE SABRE CHAMPIONSHIP.—Salle Bertrand, Mon., 25th (five days).

R.A.C. MOTOR RALLY.—Blackpool, Tues., 26th (five days).

'PHONE REGent 6000
for your Theatre Seats
KEITH PROWSE
& Co., Ltd.
159 New Bond St., W.1 & Branches everywhere
YOU want Best Seats WE have them

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

"In Quest of Good Hotels"

By Ashley Courtenay

British Hotels used to be the Aunt Sally of any chance journalist in search of "copy" and sundry other dyspeptic persons. That is no longer the case. And, although the Englishman is primarily a home-lover, hotels have adapted themselves to his increasing wayfaring proclivities. But hotels are as different and individual as their visitors. Mr. Courtenay, with a rare combination of "flair" and experience, is becoming the recognized connecting link. Hotels are his hobby and his profession. More and more people are enjoying his weekly articles on the subject in "THE SPHERE" and every morning he receives enquiries for detailed information. Unlike explorers whose activities devolve some 1000 miles up the Amazon, Mr. Courtenay's "discoveries" make excellent objectives for all who like a week-end in the country . . . or just somewhere to stay for a social event in town or country.

A weekly feature in

The SPHERE

Every Friday—Price One Shilling

"Let's Halt Awhile"

Since 1934, 16,000 *copies have been sold of "Let's Halt Awhile"—a description of hotels, inns, and guest-houses personally "discovered" by Mr. Ashley Courtenay. Vol.* I.—*Kent, Surrey, and Sussex. Vol.* II.—*Devon and Cornwall.*

Obtainable through your usual book-seller, or 1*s.* 3*d. each post free, from Ashley Courtenay Ltd., 68, St. James's Street, London, S.W.*1.

The Romantic Vogue

The new romantic trend is expressed in this fine straw halo bonnet, trimmed with chiffon.

MODEL MILLINERY, FIRST FLOOR.

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Langham 4444 (Debenhams Ltd.)

SLOANE 1234

Harrods salons

KNIGHTSBRIDGE SW 1

Black and white makes intricate interplay for a sleeveless, flared, linen coat and the yoke of a black woollen dress. From the Ensemble Salon. Also in navy and white—for 8½ Gns.

Harrods Ltd London SW1

A Complete Resort on the Ayrshire Coast

TURNBERRY HOTEL

In the Eye of the Sun

Under the direction of
ARTHUR TOWLE
Controller
L M S Hotel Services
St. Pancras Chambers
London, N.W.1

EXPRESS SERVICES BY L M S

A New

Dorothy Dodd

Model for Spring
From America

Chez

Promenade Shoe, with open toe and slit high vamp in the new tan kid, also fawn, beige kid, blue kid and black patent
AAAA to C widths
American Salon First Floor

Charles H. Baber

(The Pioneer of Foot Comfort)
Langham House,
Upper Regent Street, W.1.
(Near Queen's Hall)
Charles H. Baber Ltd.

ASTHMA

[New Low Price of 4/-]
Made Possible by Increased Demand.

Sufferers from Asthma paroxysms the world over find the HIMROD famous formula is the one that gives them blessed relief. Relaxes bronchial tubes; relieves difficult breathing and that dreadful gasping. Used for 65 years. Ask for HIMROD'S at your chemist.

HIMROD'S CURE

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from 4 Guineas.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
70, Jermyn Street, London, S.W 1

WIESBADEN

on the Romantic Rhine World-renowned Spa

Especially beneficial in cases of Rheumatism, Gout and similar diseases.

Luxurious, moderately priced hotels built over the Thermal Springs.

A delight to lovers of music, beauty and first-class entertainments, a haven for those in search of health, recreation and rest.

In 1937 — 12,300 British visitors

Easily accessible from all important cities of the Continent

For full particulars write
GERMAN RAILWAYS INFORMATION BUREAU
19, Regent Street, London, S.W.1
Städt. Verkehrsamt, Wiesbaden and all Travel Agencies

BAVENO (Lake Maggiore)

Via Simplon

Just opposite the BORROMEO ISLANDS
Lido — Concerts — Golf — Tennis

Grand Hotel Bella Vista
Hotel Lido Palazzo
Hotel Bella Riva
Hotel Sempione
Hotel Svizzero e Is. Borromee
Hotel Eden
Hotel Italia
Hotel Nazionale St. Gottardo
Hotel Ripa

Information: E.N.I.T., 38, Piccadilly, London, W.1., or any Tourist Agency.

300 ROOMS — PRIVATE SANDY BEACH

COTE D'AZUR

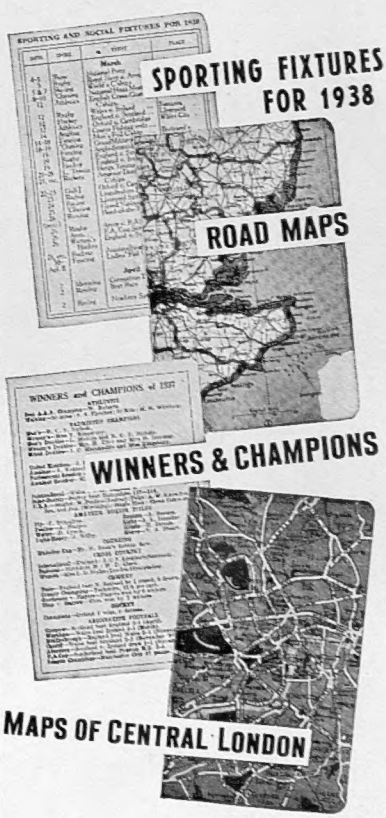
LE PROVENÇAL

THE RIGHT HOTEL IN THE RIGHT PLACE

JUAN LES PINS

CASINO MUNICIPAL

IDEAL FOR REST, PLEASURE AND HEALTH



The 1938 edition of "The Sporting and Dramatic" Fixture Pocket Diary contains much information useful to the Sportsman and Motorist. It is bound in leatherette. Copies can be obtained from The Publisher (address below). Price 6D. post free.

The ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC
32/34, ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

FLOWERS OF THE ALPS
A NEW SOAP
(TOILET 1/6)
by
(BATH 2/-)
GUERLAIN